SALVE DEVS REX IVDÆORVM.

Containing,

1 The Paſsion of Chriſt.
2 Eues Apologie in defence of Women.
3 The Teares of the Daughters of Ieruſalem.
4 The Salutation and Sorrow of the Virgine Marie.

With diuers other things not vnfit to be read.

Written by Miſtris *Æmilia Lanyer*, Wife to Captaine *Alfonſo Lanyer* Scruant to the Kings Majeſtie.

AT LONDON
Printed by *Valentine Simmes* for *Richard Bonian*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in Paules Churchyard, at the Signe of the Floure de Luce and Crowne. 1611.

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Written by Mistris [illegible], Wife to Captain [illegible] Seruant to the [illegible]

BRITISH MUSEUM

AT LONDON
Printed by [illegible] for [illegible], and are to be sold at his Shop in Paules Church-yeard, at the Signe of the Fleure de Luce and Crowne. 1611.

To the Queenes most Excellent Majestie.

*RE*nowned Empresse, and great Britaines Queene,
Most gratious Mother of succeeding Kings;
Vouchsafe to view that which is seldome seene,
A Womans writing of diuinest things:
Reade it faire Queene, though it defectiue be,
Your Excellence can grace both It and Mee.

For you haue rifled Nature of her store,
And all the Goddesses haue dispossest
Of those rich gifts which they enioy'd before,
But now great Queene, in you they all doe rest.
If now they striued for the golden Ball,
Paris would giue it you before them all.

From Iuno you haue State and Dignities,
From warlike Pallas, Wisdome, Fortitude;
And from faire Venus all her Excellencies,
With their best parts your Highnesse is indu'd:
How much are we to honor those that springs
From such rare beauty, in the blood of Kings?

The Muses doe attend vpon your Throne,
With all the Artists at your becke and call;
The Syluane Gods, and Satyres euery one,
Before your faire triumphant Chariot fall:
And shining Cynthia with her nymphs attend
To honour you, whose Honour hath no end.

From your bright sphcare of greatnes where you sit,
Reflecting light to all those glorious stars
That wait vpon your Throane; To virtue yet
Vouchsafe that splendor which my meannesse bars:
Be like faire Phœbe, *who doth loue to grace*
The darkest night with her most beauteous face.

Apollo's *beames doe comfort euery creature,*
And shines vpon the meanest things that be;
Since in Estate and Virtue none is greater,
I humbly wish that yours may light on me:
That so these rude vnpolliſht lines of mine,
Graced by you, may seeme the more diuine.

Looke in this Mirrour of a worthy Mind,
Where some of your faire Virtues will appeare;
Though all it is impossible to find,
Vnlesse my Glasse were chrystall, or more cleare:
Which is dym steele, yet full of spotlesse truth,
And for one looke from your faire eyes it su'th.

Here may your sacred Maiestie behold
That mightie Monarch both of heau'n and earth,
He that all Nations of the world controld,
Yet tooke our flesh in base and meanest berth:
Whose daies were spent in pouerty and sorrow,
And yet all Kings their wealth of him do borrow.

For he is Crowne and Crowner of all Kings,
The hopefull hauen of the meaner sort,
Its he that all our ioyfull tidings brings
Of happie raigne within his royall Court:
Its he that in extremity can giue
Comfort to them that haue no time to liue.

And since my wealth within his Region stands,
And that his Crosse my chiefest comfort is,
Yea in his kingdome onely rests my lands,
Of honour there I hope I shall not misse:
Though I on earth doe liue vnfortunate,
Yet there I may attaine a better state.

In the meane time, accept most gratious Queene
This holy worke, Virtue presents to you,
In poore apparell, shaming to be seene,
Or once t'appeare in your indiciall view:
But that faire Virtue, though in meane attire,
All Princes of the world doe most desire.

And sith all royall virtues are in you,
The Naturall, the Morall, and Diuine,
I hope how plaine soeuer, beeing true,
You will accept euen of the meanest line
Faire Virtue yeelds; by whose rare gifts you are
So highly grac'd, t'exceed the faire st faire.

Behold, great Queene, faire Eues *Apologie,*
Which I haue writ in honour of your sexe,
And doe referre vnto your Maiestie,
To iudge if it agree not with the Text:
And if it doe, why are poore Women blam'd,
Or by more faultie Men so much defam'd?

And this great Lady I haue here attired,
In all her richest ornaments of Honour,
That you faire Queene, of all the world admired,
May take the more delight to looke vpon her:
For she must entertaine you to this Feast,
To which your Highnesse is the welcom'st guest.

For

For here I haue prepar'd my Paschal Lambe,
The figure of that liuing Sacrifice;
Who dying, all th' Infernall powres orecame,
That we with him t' Eternitie might rise:
This pretious Passeouer feed vpon, O Queene,
Let your faire Virtues in my Glasse be seene.

The Lady Elizabeths Grace.

And she that is the patterne of all Beautie,
The very modell of your Maiestie,
Whose rarest parts enforceth Loue and Duty,
The perfect patterne of all Pietie:
O let my Booke by her faire eies be blest,
In whose pure thoughts all Innocency rests.

Then shall I thinke my Glasse a glorious Skie,
When two such glittring Suns at once appeare;
The one repleat with Sou'raigne Maiestie,
Both shining brighter than the cleerest cleare:
And both reflecting comfort to my spirits,
To find their grace so much aboue my merits

Whose vntun'd voyce the dolefull notes doth sing
Of sad Affliction in an humble straine;
Much like vnto a Bird that wants a wing,
And cannot flie, but warbles forth her paine:
Or he that barred from the Suns bright light,
Wanting daies comfort, doth comend the night.

So I that liue clos'd vp in Sorrowes Cell,
Since great Elizaes *fauour blest my youth;*
And in the confines of all cares doe dwell,
Whose grieued eyes no pleasure euer view'th:
But in Christs suffrings, such sweet taste they haue,
As makes me praise pale Sorrow and the Graue.

And

And this great Ladie whom I loue and honour,
And from my very tender yeeres haue knowne,
This holy habite ſtill to take vpon her,
Still to remaine the ſame, *and ſtill her owne:*
And what our fortunes doe enforce vs to,
She of Deuotion and meere Zeale doth do.

Which makes me thinke our heauy burden light,
When ſuch a one as ſhe will help to beare it:
Treading the paths that make our way go right,
What garment is ſo faire but ſhe may weare it;
Eſpecially for her that entertaines (mains.
A Glorious Queene, in whome all woorthre-

Whoſe powre may raiſe my ſad dejected Muſe,
From this lowe Manſion of a troubled mind;
Whoſe princely fauour may ſuch grace infuſe,
That I may ſpread Her Virtues in like kind:
But in this triall of my ſlender skill,
I wanted knowledge to performe my will.

For euen as they that doe behold the Starres,
Not with the eie of Learning, but of Sight,
To find their motions, want of knowledge barres
Although they ſee them in their brighteſt light:
So, though I ſee the glory of her State,
Its ſhe that muſt inſtruct and eleuate.

My weake diſtempred braine and feeble ſpirits,
Which all vnlearned haue aduentur'd, this
To write of Chriſt, and of his ſacred merits,
Deſiring that this Booke Her hands may kiſſe:
And though I be vnworthy of that grace,
Yet let her bleſſed thoghts this book imbrace.

And pardon me (faire Queene) though I presume,
To doe that which so many better can;
Not that I Learning to my selfe assume,
Or that I would compare with any man:
But as they are Scholers, and by Art do write,
So Nature yeelds my Soule a sad delight.

And since all Arts at first from Nature came,
That goodly Creature, Mother of Perfection,
Whom Ioues *almighty hand at first did frame,*
Taking both her and hers in his protection:
Why should not She now grace my barren Muse,
And in a Woman all defects excuse.

So peereless Princesse humbly I desire,
That your great wisedome would vouchsafe t'omit
All faults; and pardon if my spirits retire,
Leauing to ayme at what they cannot hit:
To write your worth, which no pen can expresse,
Were but t'eclipse your Fame, and make it lesse.

To the Lady ELIZABETHS *Grace.*

MOst gratious Ladie, faire ELIZABETH,
Whoſe Name and Virtues puts vs ſtill in mind,
Of her, of whom we are depriu'd by death;
The *Phœnix* of her age, whoſe worth did bind
All worthy minds ſo long as they haue breath,
In linkes of Admiration, loue and zeale,
To that deare Mother of our Common-weale.

Euen you faire Princeſſe next our famous Queene,
I doe inuite vnto this wholeſome feaſt,
Whoſe goodly wiſedome, though your yeares be greene,
By ſuch good workes may daily be increaſt,
Though your faire eyes farre better Bookes haue ſeene;
Yet being the firſt fruits of a womans wit,
Vouchſafe you fauour in accepting it.

To all vertuous Ladies in generall.

EAch blessed Lady that in Virtue spends
Your pretious time to beautifie your soules;
Come wait on hir whom winged Fame attends
And in hir hand the Booke where she inroules
Those high deserts that Maiestie commends:
Let this faire Queene not vnattended bee,
When in my Glasse she daines her selfe to see.

Put on your wedding garments euery one,
The Bridegroome stayes to entertaine you all;
Let Virtue be your guide, for she alone
Can leade you right that you can neuer fall;
And make no stay for feare he should be gone:
But fill your Lamps with oyle of burning zeale,
That to your Faith he may his Truth reueale.

Let all your roabes be purple scarlet white,
Those perfit colours purest Virtue wore,
Come deckt with Lillies that did so delight
To be preferr'd in Beauty, farre before
Wise Salomon *in all his glory dight:*
Whose royall roabes did no such pleasure yield,
As did the beauteous Lilly of the field.

The roabes that Christ wore before his death.

Adorne your temples with faire Daphnes *crowne,*
The neuer changing Laurel, alwaies geeene;
In token of Constancie. *Let constant hope all worldly pleasures drowne,*
In wise Mineruaes *paths be alwaies seene;*
Or with bright Cynthia, *thogh faire* Venus *frown:*
With Esop *crosse the posts of euery doore,*
Where Sinne would riot, making Virtue poore.

And let the Muses your companions be,
Those sacred sisters that on Pallas *wait;*
Whose Virtues with the purest minds agree,
Whose godly labours doe anoyd the baite
Of worldly pleasures, liuing alwaies free
From sword, from violence, and from ill report,
To these nine Worthies all faire mindes resort.

Annoynt your haire with Aarons *pretious oyle,*
And bring your palmes of victory in your hands,
To ouercome all thoughts that would defile
The earthly circuit of your soules faire lands;
Let no dimme shadowes your cleare eyes beguile:
Sweet odours, mirrhe, gum, aloes, frankincense,
Present that King who di'd for your offence.

Behold, bright Titans *shining chariot staies,*
All deckt with flowers of the freshest hew,
Attended on by Age, Houres, Nights, and Daies,
Which alters not your beauty, but giues you
Much more, and crownes you with eternall praise:
This golden chariot wherein you must ride,
Let simple Doues, and subtill serpents guide.

Come

Come ſwifter than the motion of the Sunne,
To be transfigur'd with our louing Lord,
Leſt Glory end what Grace in you begun,
Of heau'nly riches make your greateſt hoord,
In Chriſt all honour, wealth, and beautie's wonne:
By whoſe perfections you appeare more faire
Than Phœbus, *if he ſeau'n times brighter were.*

Gods holy Angels will direct your Doues,
And bring your Serpents to the fields of reſt,
Where he doth ſtay that purchaſt all your loues
In bloody torments, when he di'd oppreſt,
There ſhall you find him in thoſe pleaſant groues
Of ſweet Elizium, *by the Well of Life,*
Whoſe criſtal ſprings do purge from worldly ſtrife

Thus may you flie from dull and ſenſuall earth,
Whereof at firſt your bodies formed were,
That new regen'rate in a ſecond berth,
Your bleſſed ſoules may liue without all feare,
Beeing immortall, ſubiect to no death:
But in the eie of heauen ſo highly placed,
That others by your virtues may be graced.

Where worthy Ladies I will leaue you all,
Deſiring you to grace this little Booke;
Yet ſome of you me thinkes I heare to call
Me by my name, and bid me better looke,
Leſt vnawares I in an error fall:
In generall tearmes, to place you with the reſt,
Whom Fame commends to be the very beſt.

Tis

Tis true, I must confesse (O noble Fame)
There are a number honoured by thee,
Of which, some few thou didst recite by name,
And willd my Muse they should remembred bee;
Wishing some would their glorious Trophies frame:
Which if I should presume to vndertake,
My tired Hand for very feare would quake.

Onely by name I will bid some of those,
That in true Honors seate haue long bin placed,
Yea euen such as thou hast chiefly chose,
By whom my Muse may be the better graced;
Therefore, vnwilling longer time to lose,
I will inuite some Ladies that I know,
But chiefly those as thou hast graced so.

¶ To the Ladie *Lucie*, Countesse of Bedford.

ME thinkes I see faire Virtue readie stand,
T' vnlocke the closet of your louely breast,
Holding the key of Knowledge in her hand,
Key of that Cabbine where your selfe doth rest,
To let him in, by whom her youth was blest:
The true-loue of your soule, your hearts delight,
Fairer than all the world in your cleare sight.

He that descended from celestiall glory,
To taste of our infirmities and sorrowes,
Whose heauenly wisdom read the earthly storie
Of fraile Humanity, which his godhead borrows:
Loe here he coms all stucke with pale deaths arrows:
In whose most pretious wounds your soule may reade
Saluation, while he (dying Lord) doth bleed.

You whose cleare Iudgement farre exceeds my skil,
Vouchsafe to entertaine this dying louer,
The Ocean of true grace, whose streames doe fill
All those with Ioy, that can his loue recouer;
About this blessed Arke bright Angels houer:
Where your faire soule may sure and safely rest,
When he is sweetly seated in your brest.

There may your thoughts as ſeruants to your heart,
Giue true attendance on this lonely gueſt,
While he doth to that bleſſed bowre impart
Flowres of freſh comforts, decke that bed of reſt,
With ſuch rich beauties as may make it bleſt:
And you in whom all raritie is found,
May be with his eternall glory crownd.

To

To the Ladie ANNE, Countesse of Dorcet.

TO you I dedicate this worke of Grace,
This frame of Glory which I haue erected,
For your faire mind I hold the fittest place,
Where virtue should be setled & protected;
If highest thoughts true honor do imbrace,
And holy Wisdom is of them respected:
Then in this Mirrour let your faire eyes looke,
To view your virtues in this blessed Booke.

Blest by our Sauiours merits, not my skil,
Which I acknowledge to be very small;
Yet if the least part of his blessed Will
I haue perform'd, I count I haue done all:
One sparke of grace sufficient is to fill
Our Lampes with oyle, ready when he doth call
To enter with the Bridegroome to the feast,
Where he that is the greatest may be least.

Greatnesse is no sure frame to build vpon,
No worldly treasure can assure that place;
God makes both euen, the Cottage with the Throne;
All worldly honours there are counted base;
Those he holds deare, and reckneth as his owne,
Whose virtuous deeds by his especially grace
Haue gain'd his loue, his kingdome, and his crowne,
Whom in the booke of Life he hath set downe.

Titles of honour which the world beſtowes,
To none but to the virtuous doth belong;
As beauteous bowres where true worth ſhould repoſe,
And where his dwellings ſhould be built moſt ſtrong:
But when they are beſtow'd vpon her foes,
Poore virtues friends indure the greateſt wrong:
For they muſt ſuffer all indignity,
Vntill in heau'n they better graced be.

What difference was there when the world began,
Was it not Virtue that diſtinguiſht all?
All ſprang but from one woman and one man,
Then how doth Gentry come to riſe and fall?
Or who is he that very rightly can
Diſtinguiſh of his birth, or tell at all,
In what meane ſtate his Anceſtors haue bin,
Before ſome one of worth did honour win?

Whoſe ſucceſſors, although they beare his name,
Poſſeſſing not the riches of his minde,
How doe we know they ſpring out of the ſame
True ſtocke of honour, beeing not of that kind?
It is faire virtue gets immortall fame,
Tis that doth all loue and duty bind:
If he that much enjoyes, doth little good,
We may ſuppoſe he comes not of that blood.

Nor is he fit for honour, or command,
If baſe affections ouer-rules his mind;
Or that ſelfe-will doth carry ſuch a hand,
As worldly pleaſures haue the powre to blind
So as he cannot ſee, nor vnderſtand
How to diſcharge that place to him aſſign'd:
Gods Stewards muſt for all the poore prouide,
If in Gods houſe they purpoſe to abide.

To the Ladie *Margaret* Countesse Dowager of Cumberland.

* * *

RIght Honourable and Excellent Lady, I may say with Saint *Peter*, *Siluer nor gold haue I none, but such as I haue, that giue I you*: for hauing neither rich pearles of India, nor fine gold of Arabia, nor diamonds of inestimable value; neither those rich treasures, Arramaticall Gums, incense, and sweet odours, which were presented by those Kingly Philosophers to the babe Iesus, I present vnto you euen our Lord Iesus himselfe, whose infinit value is not to be comprehended within the weake imagination or wit of man: and as Saint *Peter* gaue health to the body, so I deliuer you the health of the soule; which is this most pretious pearle of all perfection, this rich diamond of deuotion, this perfect gold growing in the veines of that excellent earth of the most blessed Paradice, wherein our second *Adam* had his restlesse habitation. The sweet incense, balsums, odours, and gummes that flowes from that beautifull tree of Life, sprung from the roote of *Iesse*, which is so super-excellent, that it giueth grace to the meanest & most vnworthy hand that will vndertake to write thereof; neither can it receiue any blemish thereby: for as a right diamond can loose no whit of his beautie by the blacke foyle vnderneath it, neither by beeing placed in the darke, but retaines his naturall beauty and brightnesse shining in greater perfection than before; so this most pretious diamond, for beauty and riches exceeding all the most pretious diamonds and rich jewels of the world, can receiue no blemish, nor impeachment, by

my

my vnworthy hand writing; but wil with the Sunne retaine his owne brightnesse and most glorious lustre, though neuer so many blind eyes looke vpon him. Therefore good Madame, to the most perfect eyes of your vnderstanding, I deliuer the inestinable treasure of all elected soules, to bee perused at conuenient times; as also, the mirrour of your most worthy minde, which may remaine in the world many yeares longer than your Honour, or my selfe can liue, to be a light vnto those that come after, desiring to tread in the narrow path of virtue, that leads the way to heauen. In which way, I pray God send your Honour long to continue, that your light may so shine before men, that they may glorifie your father which is in Heauen: and that I and many others may follow you in the same tracke. So wishing you in this world all increase of health and honour, and in the world to come life euerlasting, I rest.

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

SIth *Cynthia* is aſcended to that reſt
Of endleſſe joy and true Eternitie,
That glorious place that cannot be expreſt
By any wight clad in mortalitie,
In her almightie love ſo highly bleſt,
And crown'd with everlaſting Sov'raigntie;
Where Saints and Angells do attend her Throne,
And ſhe gives glorie vnto God alone.

¶ To thee great Counteſſe now I will applie
My Pen, to write thy never dying fame;
That when to Heav'n thy bleſſed Soule ſhall flie,
Theſe lines on earth record thy reverend name:
And to this taske I meane my Muſe to tie,
Though wanting skill I ſhall but purchaſe blame:
Pardon (deere Ladie) want of womans wit
To pen thy praiſe, when few can equall it.

The Ladie Margaret Counteſſe Dowager of Cumberland

And pardon (Madame) though I do not write
Thoſe praiſefull lines of that delightfull place,
As you commaunded me in that faire night,
When ſhining *Phœbe* gave ſo great a grace,
Preſenting *Paradice* to your ſweet ſight,
Vnfolding all the beauty of her face
With pleaſant groves, hills, walks and ſtately trees,
Which pleaſures with retired minds agrees.

Whoſe Eagles eyes behold the glorious Sunne
Of th'all-creating Providence, reflecting
His bleſſed beames on all by him, begunne;
Increaſing, ſtrengthning, guiding and directing
All worldly creatures their due courſe to runne,
Vnto His powrefull pleaſure all ſubjecting:
And thou (deere Ladie) by his ſpeciall grace,
In theſe his creatures doſt behold his face.

Whoſe all-reviving beautie, yeelds ſuch joyes
To thy ſad Soule, plunged in waves of woe,
That worldly pleaſures ſeemes to thee as toyes,
Onely thou ſeek'ſt Eternitie to know,
Reſpecting not the infinite annoyes
That Satan to thy well-ſtaid mind can ſhow;
Ne can he quench in thee, the Spirit of Grace,
Nor draw thee from beholding Heavens bright face.

Thy Mind ſo perfect by thy Maker fram'd,
No vaine delights can harbour in thy heart,
With his ſweet love, thou art ſo much inflam'd,
As of the world thou ſeem'ſt to have no part;
So, love him ſtill, thou need'ſt not be aſham'd,
Tis He that made thee, what thou wert, and art:
Tis He that dries all teares from Orphans eies,
And heares from heav'n the wofull widdows cries.

Tis He that doth behold thy inward cares,
And will regard the ſorrowes of thy Soule;
Tis He that guides thy feet from Sathans ſnares,
And in his Wiſedome, doth thy waies controule:
He through afflictions, ſtill thy Minde prepares,
And all thy glorious Trialls will enroule:
That when darke daies of terror ſhall appeare,
Thou as the Sunne ſhalt ſhine; or much more cleare.

The Heav'ns ſhall periſh as a garment olde,
Or as a veſture by the maker chang'd,
And ſhall depart, as when a skrowle is rolde;
Yet thou from him ſhalt neuer be eſtrang'd,
When He ſhall come in glory, that was ſolde
For all our ſinnes; we happily are chang'd,
Who for our faults put on his righteouſneſſe,
Although full oft his Lawes we doe tranſgreſſe.

Long mai'ſt thou joy in this almightie love,
Long may thy Soule be pleaſing in his ſight,
Long mai'ſt thou have true comforts from above,
Long mai'ſt thou ſet on him thy whole delight,
And patiently endure when he doth proue,
Knowing that He will ſurely do thee right:
Thy patience, faith, long ſuffring, and thy love,
He will reward with comforts from above.

With Majeſtie and Honour is He clad,
And deck'd with light, as with a garment faire;
He joyes the Meeke, and makes the Mightie ſad,
Pulls downe the Prowd, and doth the Humble reare:
Who ſees this Bridegroome, never can be ſad;
None lives that can his wondrous workes declare:
Yea, looke how farre the Eſt is from the Weſt,
So farre he ſets our ſinnes that have tranſgreſt.

He rides vpon the wings of all the windes,
And ſpreads the heav'ns with his all powrefull hand;
Oh! who can looſe when the Almightie bindes?
Or in his angry preſence dares to ſtand?
He ſearcheth out the ſecrets of all mindes;
All thoſe that feare him ſhall poſſeſſe the Land:
He is exceeding glorious to behold,
Antient of Times; ſo faire, and yet ſo old.

He of the watry Cloudes his Chariot frames,
And makes his bleſſed Angels powrefull Spirits,
His Miniſters are fearefull fiery flames,
Rewarding all according to their merits;
The Righteous for an heritage he claimes,
And regiſters the wrongs of humble ſpirits:
Hills melt like wax, in preſence of the Lord,
So do all ſinners, in his ſight abhorr'd.

He in the waters laies his chamber beames,
And cloudes of darkeneſſe compaſſe him about,
Conſuming fire ſhall goe before in ſtreames,
And burne vp all his en'mies round about:
Yet on theſe Iudgementsw orldlings never dreames,
Nor of theſe daungers never ſtand in doubt:
While he ſhall reſt within his holy Hill,
That lives and dies according to his Will.

But woe to them that double-hearted bee,
Who with their tongues the righteous Soules doe ſlay;
Bending their bowes to ſhoot at all they ſee,
With vpright hearts their Maker to obay;
And ſecretly doe let their arrowes flee,
To wound true hearted people any way:
The Lord wil roote them out that ſpeake prowd things,
Deceitfull tongues are but falſe Slanders wings.

Froward are the vngodly from their berth,
No ſooner borne, but they doe goe aſtray;
The Lord will roote them out from off the earth,
And give them to their en'mies for a pray,
As venemous as Serpents is their breath,
With poyſned lies to hurt in what they may
The Innocent: who as a Dove ſhall flie
Vnto the Lord, that he his cauſe may trie.

The righteous Lord doth righteouſneſſe allow,
His countenance will behold the thing that's juſt;
Vnto the Meane he makes the Mightie bow,
And raiſeth vp the Poore out of the duſt:
Yet makes no count to vs, nor when, nor how,
But powres his grace on all, that puts their truſt
In him: that never will their hopes betray,
Nor lets them periſh that for mercie pray.

He ſhall within his Tabernacle dwell,
Whoſe life is vncorrupt before the Lord,
Who no vntrueths of Innocents doth tell,
Nor wrongs his neighbour, nor in deed, nor word,
Nor in his pride with malice ſeems to ſwell,
Nor whets his tongue more ſharper than a ſword,
To wound the reputation of the Iuſt;
Nor ſeekes to lay their glorie in the Duſt.

That great *Iehova* King of heav'n and earth,
Will raine downe fire and brimſtone from above,
Vpon the wicked monſters in their berth
That ſcorme and rage at thoſe whom he doth love:
Snares, ſtormes, and tempeſts he will raine, and dearth,
Becauſe he will himſelfe almightie prove:
And this ſhall be their portion they ſhall drinke,
That thinkes the Lord is blind when he doth winke.

To the Countesſe of Cumberland.

¶ Pardon (good Madame) though I haue digreſt
From what I doe intend to write of thee,
To ſet his glorie forth whom thou lov'ſt beſt,
Whoſe wondrous works no mortall eie can ſee;
His ſpeciall care on thoſe whom he hath bleſt
From wicked worldlings, how he ſets them free:
And how ſuch people he doth overthrow
In all their waies, that they his powre may know.

The meditation of this Monarchs love,
Drawes thee from caring what this world can yield;
Of joyes and griefes both equall thou doſt prove,
They have no force, to force thee from the field:
Thy conſtant faith like to the Turtle Dove
Continues combat, and will never yield
To baſe affliction; or prowd pomps deſire,
That ſets the weakeſt mindes ſo much on fire.

Thou from the Court to the Countrie art retir'd,
Leaving the world, before the world leaves thee:
That great Enchantreſſe of weake mindes admir'd,
Whoſe all-bewitching charmes ſo pleaſing be
To worldly wantons; and too much deſir'd
Of thoſe that care not for Eternitie:
But yeeld themſelves as preys to Luſt and Sinne,
Looſing their hopes of Heav'n Hell paines to winne.

But thou, the wonder of our wanton age
Leav'ſt all delights to ſerve a heav'nly King:
Who is more wiſe? or who can be more ſage,
Than ſhe that doth Affection ſubject bring;
Not forcing for the world, or Satans rage,
But ſhrowding vnder the Almighties wing;
Spending her yeares, moneths, daies, minutes, howres,
In doing ſervice to the heav'nly powres.

Thou faire example, live without compare,
With Honours triumphs ſeated in thy breaſt;
Pale Envy never can thy name empaire,
When in thy heart thou harbour'ſt ſuch a gueſt:
Malice muſt live for ever in diſpaire;
There's no revenge where Virtue ſtill doth reſt:
All hearts muſt needs do homage vnto thee,
In whom all eies ſuch rare perfection ſee.

That

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

That outward Beautie which the world commends,
Is not the ſubject I will write vpon,
Whoſe date expir'd, that tyrant Time ſoone ends,
Thoſe gawdie colours ſoone are ſpent and gone:
But thoſe faire Virtues which on thee attends
Are alwaies freſh, they never are but one:
They make thy Beautie fairer to behold,
Than was that Queenes for whom prowd *Troy* was ſold.

An Invective againſt outward beuty vnaccompanied with virtue.

As for thoſe matchleſſe colours Red and White,
Or perfit features in a fading face,
Or due proportion pleaſing to the ſight;
All theſe doe draw but dangers and diſgrace:
A mind enrich'd with Virtue, ſhines more bright,
Addes everlaſting Beauty, gives true grace,
Frames an immortall Goddeſſe on the earth,
Who though ſhe dies, yet Fame gives her new berth.

That pride of Nature which adornes the faire,
Like blaſing Comets to allure all eies,
Is but the thred, that weaves their web of Care,
Who glories moſt, where moſt their danger lies;
For greateſt perills do attend the faire,
When men do ſeeke, attempt, plot and deviſe,
How they may overthrow the chaſteſt Dame,
Whoſe Beautie is the White whereat they aime.

Twas Beautie bred in *Troy* the ten yeares ſtrife,
And carried *Hellen* from her lawfull Lord;
Twas Beautie made chaſte *Lucrece* looſe her life,
For which prowd *Tarquins* fact was ſo abhorr'd:
Beautie the cauſe *Antonius* wrong'd his wife,
Which could not be decided but by ſword:
Great *Cleopatraes* Beautie and defects
Did worke *Octaviaes* wrongs, and his neglects.

What

What fruit did yeeld that faire forbidden tree,
But blood, diſhonour, infamie, and ſhame?
Poore blinded Queene, could'ſt thou no better ſee,
But entertaine diſgrace, in ſtead of fame?
Doe theſe deſignes with Maieſtie agree?
To ſtaine thy blood, and blot thy royall name.
That heart that gave conſent vnto this ill,
Did give conſent that thou thy ſelfe ſhould'ſt kill.

Of Roſamund.

¶ Faire *Roſamund*, the wonder of her time,
Had bin much fairer, had ſhee not bin faire;
Beautie betraid her thoughts, aloft to clime,
To build ſtrong caſtles in vncertaine aire,
Where th'infection of a wanton crime
Did worke her fall; firſt poyſon, then deſpaire,
With double death did kill her periur'd ſoule,
When heauenly Iuſtice did her ſinne controule.

Of Matilda.

¶ Holy *Matilda* in a hapleſſe houre
Was borne to ſorow and to diſcontent,
Beauty the cauſe that turn'd her Sweet to Sowre,
While Chaſtity ſought Folly to preuent.
Luſtfull King *Iohn* refus'd, did vſe his powre,
By Fire and Sword, to compaſſe his content:
But Friends diſgrace, nor Fathers baniſhment,
Nor Death it ſelfe, could purchaſe her conſent.

Here Beauty in the height of all perfection,
Crown'd this faire Creatures euerlaſting fame,
Whoſe noble minde did ſcorne the baſe ſubiection
Of Feares, or Fauours, to impaire her Name:
By heauenly grace, ſhe had ſuch true direction,
To die with Honour, not to liue in Shame;
And drinke that poyſon with a cheerefull heart,
That could all Heavenly grace to her impart.

This

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

¶ This Grace great Lady, doth poſſeſſe thy Soule,
And makes thee pleaſing in thy Makers ſight;
This Grace doth all imperfect Thoughts controule,
Directing thee to ſerue thy God aright;
Still reckoning him, the Husband of thy Soule,
Which is moſt pretious in his glorious ſight:
Becauſe the Worlds delights ſhee doth denie
For him, who for her ſake vouchſaf'd to die.

To the Ladie of Cumberland the Introduction to the paſſion of Chriſt.

And dying made her Dowager of all;
Nay more, Co-heire of that eternall bliſſe
That Angels loſt, and We by *Adams* fall;
Meere Caſt-awaies, rais'd by a *Iudas* kiſſe,
Chriſts bloody ſweat, the Vineger, and Gall,
The Speare, Sponge, Nailes, his buffeting with Fiſts,
His bitter Paſſion, Agony, and Death,
Did gaine vs Heauen when He did looſe his breath.

¶ Theſe high deſerts inuites my lowely Muſe
To write of Him, and pardon craue of thee,
For Time ſo ſpent, I need make no excuſe,
Knowing it doth with thy faire Minde agree
So well, as thou no Labour wilt refuſe,
That to thy holy Loue may pleaſing be:
His Death and Paſſion I deſire to write,
And thee to reade, the bleſſed Soules delight.

A preamble of the Author before the Paſſion.

But my deare Muſe, now whither wouldſt thou flie,
Aboue the pitch of thy appointed ſtraine?
With *Icarus* thou ſeekeſt now to trie,
Not waxen wings, but thy poore barren Braine,
Which farre too weake, theſe fiely lines deſcrie;
Yet cannot this thy forward Mind reſtraine,
But thy poore Infant Verſe muſt ſoare aloft,
Not fearing threat'ning dangers, happening oft.

Thinke when the eye of Wiſdom ſhall diſcover
Thy weakling Muſe to flie, that ſcarce could creepe,
And in the Ayre aboue the Clowdes to hover,
When better 'twere mued vp, and faſt aſleepe;
They'l thinke with *Phaeton*, thou canſt ne'r recover,
But helpleſſe with that poore yong Lad to weepe:
The little World of thy weake Wit on fire,
Where thou wilt periſh in thine owne deſire.

But yet the Weaker thou doeſt ſeeme to be
In Sexe, or Sence, the more his Glory ſhines,
That doth infuze ſuch powrefull Grace in thee,
To ſhew thy Love in theſe few humble Lines;
The Widowes Myte, with this may well agree,
Her little All more worth than golden mynes,
Beeing more deerer to our loving Lord,
Than all the wealth that Kingdoms could afford.

Therefore I humbly for his Grace will pray,
That he will give me Power and Strength to Write,
That what I haue begun, ſo end I may,
As his great Glory may appeare more bright;
Yea in theſe Lines I may no further ſtray,
Than his moſt holy Spirit ſhall giue me Light:
That blindeſt Weakeneſſe be not over-bold,
The manner of his Paſſion to vnfold.

In other Phraſes than may well agree
With his pure Doctrine, and moſt holy Writ,
That Heavens cleare eye, and all the World may ſee,
I ſeeke his Glory, rather than to get
The Vulgars breath, the ſeed of Vanitie,
Nor Fames lowd Trumpet care I to admit;
But rather ſtrive in plaineſt Words to ſhowe,
The Matter which I ſeeke to vndergoe.

A Mat-

A Matter farre beyond my barren skill,
To ſhew with any Life this map of Death,
This Storie; that whole Worlds with Bookes would fill,
In theſe few Lines, will put me out of breath,
To run ſo ſwiftly vp this mightie Hill,
I may behold it with the eye of Faith;
But to preſent this pure vnſpotted Lambe,
I muſt confeſſe, I farre vnworthy am.

Yet if he pleaſe t'illuminate my Spirit,
And giue me Wiſdom from his holy Hill,
That I may Write part of his glorious Merit,
If he vouchſafe to guide my Hand and Quill,
To ſhew his Death, by which we doe inherit.
Thoſe endleſſe Ioyes that all our hearts doe fill;
Then will I tell of that ſad blacke fac'd Night,
Whoſe mourning Mantle covered Heavenly Light.

¶ That very Night our Saviour was betrayd, *Here begins the Paſſion of Chriſt.*
Oh night! exceeding all the nights of ſorrow,
When our moſt bleſſed Lord, although diſmayd,
Yet would not he one Minutes reſpite borrow,
But to *Mount Olives* went, though ſore afraid,
To welcome Night, and entertaine the Morrow;
And as he oft vnto that place did goe,
So did he now, to meete his long nurſt woe.

He told his deere Diſciples, that they all
Should be offended by him that ſelfe night;
His Griefe was great, and theirs could not be ſmall,
To part from him who was their ſole Delight;
Saint *Peter* thought his Faith could neuer fall,
No mote could happen in ſo cleare a ſight:
Which made him ſay, Though all men were offended,
Yet would he never, though his life were ended.

But his deare Lord made anſwere, That before
The Cocke did crowe, he ſhould deny him thrice;
This could not chooſe but grieue him very ſore,
That his hot Loue ſhould prooue more cold than Ice,
Denying him he did ſo much adore;
No imperfection in himſelfe he ſpies,
But ſaith againe, with him hee'l ſurely die,
Rather than his deare Maſter once denie.

And all the reſt (did likewiſe ſay the ſame)
Of his Diſciples, at that inſtant time;
But yet poore *Peter*, he was moſt too blame,
That thought aboue them all; by Faith to clime;
His forward ſpeech inflicted ſinne and ſhame,
When Wiſdoms eyes did looke and checke his crime:
Who did foreſee, and told it him before,
Yet would he needs auerre it more and more.

Now went our Lord vnto that holy place,
Sweet *Gethſemaine* hallowed by his preſence,
That bleſſed Garden, which did now embrace
His holy corps, yet could make no defence
Againſt thoſe Vipers, obiects of diſgrace,
Which ſought that pure eternall Loue to quench:
Here his Diſciples willed he to ſtay,
Whilſt he went further, where he meant to pray.

None were admitted with their Lord to goe,
But *Peter*, and the ſonnes of *Zebedæus*,
To them good *Ieſus* opened all his woe,
He gaue them leaue his ſorows to diſcuſſe,
His deepeſt griefes, he did not ſcorne to ſhowe
Theſe three deere friends, ſo much he did intruſt:
Beeing ſorowfull, and ouercharg'd with griefe,
He told it them, yet look'd for no reliefe.

Sweet Lord, how couldſt thou thus to fleſh and blood
Communicate thy griefe? tell of thy woes?
Thou knew'ſt they had no powre to doe thee good,
But were the cauſe thou muſt endure theſe blowes,
Beeing the Scorpions bred in *Adams* mud,
Whoſe poys'ned ſinnes did worke among thy foes,
To re-ore-charge thy ouer-burd'ned ſoule,
Although the ſorowes now they doe condole.

Yet didſt thou tell them of thy troubled ſtate,
Of thy Soules heauineſſe vnto the death,
So full of Loue, ſo free wert thou from hate,
To bid them ſtay, whoſe ſinnes did ſtop thy breath,
When thou wert entring at ſo ſtraite a gate,
Yea entring euen into the doore of Death,
Thou bidſt them tarry there, and watch with thee,
Who from thy pretious blood-ſhed were not free.

Bidding them tarry, thou didſt further goe,
To meet affliction in ſuch gracefull ſort,
As might mooue pitie both in friend and foe,
Thy ſorowes ſuch, as none could them comport,
Such great Indurements who did euer know,
When to th' Almighty thou didſt make reſort?
And falling on thy face didſt humbly pray,
If 'twere his Will that Cup might paſſe away.

Saying, Not my will, but thy will Lord be done.
When as thou prayedſt an Angel did appeare
From Heauen, to comfort thee Gods onely Sonne,
That thou thy Suffrings might'ſt the better beare,
Beeing in an agony, thy glaſſe neere run,
Thou prayedſt more earneſtly, in ſo great feare,
That pretious ſweat came trickling to the ground,
Like drops of blood thy ſences to confound.

Loe here his Will, not thy Will, Lord, was done,
And thou content to vndergoe all paines;
Sweet Lambe of God, his deare beloved Sonne,
By this great purchaſe, what to thee remaines?
Of Heaven and Earth thou haſt a Kingdom wonne,
Thy Glory beeing equall with thy Gaines,
In ratifying Gods promiſe on th'earth,
Made many hundred yeares before thy berth.

But now returning to thy ſleeping Friends,
That could not watch one houre for loue of thee,
Even thoſe three Friends, which on thy Grace depends,
Yet ſhut thoſe Eies that ſhould their Maker ſee;
What colour, what excuſe, or what amends
From thy Diſpleaſure now can ſet them free?
Yet thy pure Pietie bids them Watch and Pray,
Leſt in Temptation they be led away.

Although the Spirit was willing to obay,
Yet what great weakeneſſe in the Fleſh was found!
They ſlept in Eaſe, whilſt thou in Paine didſt pray;
Loe, they in Sleepe, and thou in Sorow drown'd:
Yet Gods right Hand was vnto thee a ſtay,
When horror, griefe, and ſorow did abound:
His Angel did appeare from Heaven to thee,
To yeeld thee comfort in Extremitie.

But what could comfort then thy troubled Minde,
When Heaven and Earth were both againſt thee bent?
And thou no hope, no eaſe, no reſt could'ſt finde,
But muſt reſtore that Life, which was but lent;
Was ever Creature in the World ſo kinde,
But he that from Eternitie was ſent?
To ſatisfie for many Worlds of Sinne,
Whoſe matchleſſe Torments did but then begin.

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

If one Mans ſinne doth challenge Death and Hell,
With all the Torments that belong thereto:
If for one ſinne ſuch Plagues on *David* fell,
As grieved him, and did his Seed vndoe:
If *Salomon*, for that he did not well,
Falling from Grace, did looſe his Kingdome too:
Ten Tribes beeing taken from his wilfull Sonne,
And Sinne the Cauſe that they were all vndone.

What could thy Innocency now expect,
When all the Sinnes that ever were committed,
Were laid to thee, whom no man could detect?
Yet farre thou wert of Man from beeing pittied,
The Iudge ſo iuſt could yeeld thee no reſpect,
Nor would one jot of penance be remitted;
But greater horror to thy Soule muſt riſe,
Than Heart can thinke, or any Wit deviſe.

Now drawes the houre of thy affliction neere,
And vgly Death preſents himſelfe before thee;
Thou now muſt leaue thoſe Friends thou held'ſt ſo deere,
Yea thoſe Diſciples, who did moſt adore thee;
Yet in thy countenance doth no Wrath appeare,
Although betrayd to thoſe that did abhorre thee:
Thou did'ſt vouchſafe to viſit them againe,
Who had no apprehenſion of thy paine.

Their eyes were heavie, and their hearts aſleepe,
Nor knew they well what anſwere then to make thee;
Yet thou as Watchman, had'ſt a care to keepe
Thoſe few from ſinne, that ſhortly would forſake thee;
But now thou bidſt them henceforth Reſt and Sleepe,
Thy houre is come, and they at hand to take thee:
The Sonne of God to Sinners made a pray,
Oh hatefull houre! oh bleſt! oh curſed day!

Loe

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

Loe here thy great Humility was found,
Beeing King of Heauen, and Monarch of the Earth,
Yet well content to haue thy Glory drownd,
By beeing counted of so meane a berth;
Grace, Loue, and Mercy did so much abound,
Thou entertaindst the Crosse, euen to the death:
And nam'dst thy selfe, the sonne of Man to be,
To purge our pride by thy Humilitie.

But now thy friends whom thou didst call to goe,
Heauy Spectators of thy hapless case,
See thy Betrayer, whom too well they knowe,
One of the twelue, now object of disgrace,
A trothless traytor, and a mortall foe,
With fained kindnesse seekes thee to imbrace;
And giues a kisse, whereby he may deceiue thee,
That in the hands of Sinners he might leaue thee.

Now muster forth with Swords, with Staues, with Bils,
High Priests and Scribes, and Elders of the Land,
Seeking by force to haue their wicked Wils,
Which thou didst neuer purpose to withstand;
Now thou mak'st haste vnto the worst of Ils,
And who they seeke, thou gently doest demand;
This didst thou Lord, t'amaze these Fooles the more,
T'inquire of that, thou knew'st so well before.

When loe these Monsters did not shame to tell,
His name they sought, and found, yet could not know
Iesus of Nazareth, at whose feet they fell,
When Heauenly Wisdome did descend so lowe
To speake to them: they knew they did not well,
Their great amazement made them backeward goe:
Nay, though he said vnto them, I am he,
They could not know him, whom their eyes did see.

How

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

How blinde were they could not diſcerne the Light!
How dull! if not to vnderſtand the truth,
How weake! if meekeneſſe overcame their might;
How ſtony hearted, if not mov'd to ruth:
How void of Pitie, and how full of Spight,
Gainſt him that was the Lord of Light and Truth:
Here inſolent Boldneſſe checkt by Love and Grace,
Retires, and falls before our Makers face.

For when he ſpake to this accurſed crew,
And mildely made them know that it was he:
Preſents himſelfe, that they might take a view;
And what they doubted they might cleerely ſee:
Nay more, to re-aſſure that it was true,
He ſaid: I ſay vnto you, I am hee.
If him they ſought, he's willing to obay,
Onely deſires the reſt might goe their way.

Thus with a heart prepared to endure
The greateſt wrongs Impietie could deviſe,
He was content to ſtoope vnto their Lure,
Although his Greatneſſe might doe otherwiſe:
Here Grace was ſeiſed on with hands impure,
And Virtue now muſt be ſuppreſt by Vice,
Pure Innocencie made a prey to Sinne,
Thus did his Torments and our Ioyes beginne.

Here faire Obedience ſhined in his breaſt,
And did ſuppreſſe all feare of future paine;
Love was his Leader vnto this vnreſt,
Whil'ſt Righteouſneſſe doth carry vp his Traine;
Mercy made way to make vs highly bleſt,
When Patience beat downe Sorrow, Feare and Paine:
Iuſtice ſate looking with an angry brow,
On bleſſed miſery appeering now.

More glorious than all the Conquerors
That euer liu'd within this Earthly round,
More powrefull than all Kings, or Gouernours
That euer yet within this World were found;
More valiant than the greateſt Souldiers
That euer fought, to haue their glory crown'd:
For which of them, that euer yet tooke breath,
Sought t'indure the doome of Heauen and Earth?

But our ſweet Sauiour whom theſe Iewes did name;
Yet could their learned Ignorance apprehend
No light of grace, to free themſelues from blame:
Zeale, Lawes, Religion, now they doe pretend
Againſt the truth, vntruths they ſeeke to frame:
Now al their powres, their wits, their ſtrengths, they bend
Againſt one ſiely, weake, vnarmed man,
Who no reſiſtance makes, though much he can,

To free himſelfe from theſe vnlearned men,
Who call'd him Sauiour in his bleſſed name;
Yet farre from knowing him their Sauiour then,
That came to ſaue both them and theirs from blame;
Though they retire and fall, they come agen
To make a ſurer purchaſe of their ſhame:
With lights and torches now they find the way,
To take the Shepheard whilſt the ſheep doe ſtray.

Why ſhould vnlawfull actions vſe the Light?
Iniquitie in Darkeneſſe ſeekes to dwell;
Sinne rides his circuit in the dead of Night,
Teaching all ſoules the ready waies to hell;
Sathan coms arm'd with all the powres of Spight,
Heartens his Champions, makes them rude and fell;
Like rau'ning wolues, to ſhed his guiltleſſe blood,
Who thought no harme, but di'd to doe them good.

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

Here Falſhood beares the ſhew of formall Right,
Baſe Treacherie hath gote a guard of men;
Tyranny attends, with all his ſtrength and might,
To leade this ſiely Lamb to Lyons denne;
Yet he vnmoou'd in this moſt wretched plight,
Goes on to meete them, knowes the houre, and when:
The powre of darkeneſſe muſt expreſſe Gods ire,
Therefore to ſaue theſe few was his deſire.

Theſe few, that wait on Pouerty and Shame,
And offer to be ſharers in his Ils;
Theſe few that will be ſpreaders of his Fame,
He will not leaue to Tyrants wicked wils;
But ſtill deſires to free them from all blame,
Yet Feare goes forward, Anger Patience kils:
A Saint is mooued to reuenge a wrong,
And Mildneſſe doth what doth to Wrath belong.

For *Peter* grieu'd at what might then befall,
Yet knew not what to doe, nor what to thinke,
Thought ſomething muſt be done; now, if at all,
To free his Maſter, that he might not drinke
This poys'ned draught, farre bitterer than gall,
For now he ſees him at the very brinke
Of grieſly Death, who gins to ſhew his face,
Clad in all colours of a deepe diſgrace.

And now thoſe hands, that neuer vs'd to fight,
Or drawe a weapon in his owne defence,
Too forward is, to doe his Maſter right,
Since of his wrongs, hee feeles ſo true a ſence:
But ah poore *Peter!* now thou wanteſt might,
And hee's reſolu'd, with them he will goe hence:
To draw thy ſword in ſuch a helpeleſſe cauſe,
Offends thy Lord, and is againſt the Lawes.

So much he hates Revenge, ſo farre from Hate,
That he vouchſafes to heale, whom thou doſt wound;
His paths are Peace, with none he holdes Debate,
His Patience ſtands vpon ſo ſure a ground,
To counſell thee, although it comes too late:
Nay, to his foes, his mercies ſo abound,
That he in pitty doth thy will reſtraine,
And heales the hurt, and takes away the paine.

For willingly he will endure this wrong,
Although his pray'rs might have obtain'd ſuch grace,
As to diſſolve their plots though ne'r ſo ſtrong,
And bring theſe wicked Actors in worſe caſe
Than *Ægypts* King on whom Gods plagues did throng,
But that foregoing Scriptures muſt take place:
If God by prayers had an army ſent
Of powrefull Angels, who could them prevent?

Yet mightie IESVS meekely ask'd, Why they
With Swords and Staves doe come as to a Thiefe?
Hee teaching in the Temple day by day
None did offend, or give him cauſe of griefe.
Now all are forward, glad is he that may
Give moſt offence, and yeeld him leaſt reliefe:
His hatefull foes are ready now to take him,
And all his deere Diſciples do forſake him.

Thoſe deare Diſciples that he moſt did love,
And were attendant at his becke and call,
When triall of affliction came to prove,
They firſt left him, who now muſt leave them all:
For they were earth, and he came from above,
Which made them apt to flie, and fit to fall:
Though they proteſt they never will forſake him,
They do like men, when dangers overtake them.

And he alone is bound to looſe vs all,
Whom with vnhallowed hands they led along,
To wicked *Caiphas* in the Iudgement Hall,
Who ſtudies onely how to doe him wrong;
High Prieſts and Elders, People great and ſmall,
With all reprochfull words about him throng:
Falſe Witneſſes are now call'd in apace,
Whoſe trothleſſe tongues muſt make pale death imbrace.

The beauty of the World, Heauens chiefeſt Glory;
The mirrour of Martyrs, Crowne of holy Saints;
Loue of th' Almighty, bleſſed Angels ſtory;
Water of Life, which none that drinks it, faints;
Guide of the Iuſt, where all our Light we borrow;
Mercy of Mercies; Hearer of Complaints;
Triumpher ouer Death; Ranſomer of Sinne;
Falſly accuſed: now his paines begin.

Their tongues doe ſerue him as a Paſſing bell,
For what they ſay is certainly beleeued;
So ſound a tale vnto the Iudge they tell,
That he of Life muſt ſhortly be bereaued;
Their ſhare of Heauen, they doe not care to ſell,
So his afflicted Heart be throughly grieued:
They tell his Words, though farre from his intent,
And what his Speeches were, not what he meant.

That he Gods holy Temple could deſtroy,
And in three daies could build it vp againe;
This ſeem'd to them a vaine and idle toy,
It would not ſinke into their ſinful braine:
Chriſts bleſſed body, al true Chriſtians joy,
Should die, and in three dayes reuiue againe:
This did the Lord of Heauen and earth endure,
Vniuſtly to be charg'd by tongues impure.

And now they all doe giue attentiue eare,
To heare the anſwere, which he will not make;
The people wonder how he can forbeare,
And theſe great wrongs ſo patiently can take;
But yet he anſwers not, nor doth he care,
Much more he will endure for our ſake:
Nor can their wiſdoms any way diſcouer,
Who he ſhould be that proou'd ſo true a Louer.

To entertaine the ſharpeſt pangs of death,
And fight a combate in the depth of hell,
For wretched Worldlings made of duſt and earth,
Whoſe hard'ned hearts, with pride and mallice ſwell;
In midſt of bloody ſweat, and dying breath,
He had compaſſion on theſe tyrants fell:
And purchaſt them a place in Heau'n for euer,
When they his Soule and Body ſought to ſeuer.

Sinnes vgly miſts, ſo blinded had their eyes,
That at Noone dayes they could diſcerne no Light;
Theſe were thoſe fooles, that thought themſelues ſo wiſe,
The Iewiſh wolues, that did our Sauiour bite;
For now they vſe all meanes they can deuiſe,
To beate downe truth, and goe againſt all right:
Yea now they take Gods holy name in vaine,
To know the truth, which truth they doe prophane.

The chiefeſt Hel-hounds of this hatefull crew,
Roſe vp to aske what anſwere he could make,
Againſt thoſe falſe accuſers in his view;
That by his ſpeech, they might aduantage take:
He held his peace, yet knew they ſaid not true,
No anſwere would his holy wiſdome make,
Till he was charged in his glorious name,
Whoſe pleaſure 'twas he ſhould endure this ſhame.

Then

Then with ſo mild a Maieſtie he ſpake,
As they might eaſly know from whence he came,
His harmeleſſe tongue doth no exceptions take,
Nor Prieſts, nor People, meanes he now to blame;
But anſwers Folly, for true Wiſdomes ſake,
Beeing charged deeply by his powrefull name,
To tell if Chriſt the Sonne of God he be,
Who for our ſinnes muſt die, to ſet vs free.

To thee O *Caiphas* doth he anſwere giue,
That thou haſt ſaid, what thou deſir'ſt to know,
And yet thy malice will not let him liue,
So much thou art vnto thy ſelfe a foe;
He ſpeaketh truth, but thou wilt not beleeue,
Nor canſt thou apprehend it to be ſo:
Though he expreſſe his Glory vnto thee,
Thy Owly eies are blind, and cannot ſee.

Thou rend'ſt thy cloathes, in ſtead of thy falſe heart,
And on the guiltleſſe lai'ſt thy guilty crime;
For thou blaſphem'ſt, and he muſt feele the ſmart:
To ſentence death, thou think'ſt it now high time;
No witneſſe now thou need'ſt, for this fowle part,
Thou to the height of wickedneſſe canſt clime:
And giue occaſion to the ruder ſort,
To make afflictions, ſorrows, follies ſport.

Now when the dawne of day gins to appeare,
And all your wicked counſels haue an end,
To end his Life, that holds you all ſo deere,
For to that purpoſe did your ſtudies bend;
Proud *Pontius Pilate* muſt the matter heare,
To your vntroths his eares he now muſt lend:
Sweet *Ieſus* bound, to him you led away,
Of his moſt pretious blood to make yout pray.

Which, when that wicked Caytife did perceiue,
By whose lewd meanes he came to this distresse;
He brought the price of blood he did receiue,
Thinking thereby to make his fault seeme lesse,
And with these Priests and Elders did it leaue,
Confest his fault, wherein he did transgresse:
But when he saw Repentance vnrespected,
He hang'd himselfe; of God and Man reiected.

By this Example, what can be expected
From wicked Man, which on the Earth doth liue?
But faithlesse dealing, feare of God neglected;
Who for their priuate gaine cares not to sell
The Innocent Blood of Gods most deere elected,
As did that caytife wretch, now damn'd in Hell:
If in Christs Schoole, he tooke so great a fall,
What will they doe, that come not there at all.

Now *Pontius Pilate* is to judge the Cause
Of faultlesse *Iesus*, who before him stands;
Who neither hath offended Prince, nor Lawes,
Although he now be brought in woefull bands:
O noble Gouernour, make thou yet a pause,
Doe not in innocent blood inbrue thy hands;
But heare the words of thy most worthy wife,
Who sends to thee, to beg her Sauiours life.

Let barb'rous crueltie farre depart from thee,
And in true Iustice take afflictions part;
Open thine eies, that thou the truth mai'st see,
Doe not the thing that goes against thy heart;
Condemne not him that must thy Sauiour be;
But view his holy Life, his good desert:
Let not vs Women glory in Mens fall,
Who had power giuen to ouer-rule vs all.

¶ Till now your indiſcretion ſets vs free,
And makes our former fault much leſſe appeare;
Our Mother *Eue*, who taſted of the Tree, *Eues Apologie.*
Giuing to *Adam* what ſhe held moſt deare,
Was ſimply good, and had no powre to ſee,
The after-comming harme did not appeare:
The ſubtile Serpent that our Sex betraide,
Before our fall ſo ſure a plot had laide.

That vndiſcerning Ignorance perceau'd
No guile, or craft that was by him intended;
For, had ſhe knowne of what we were bereauid,
To his requeſt ſhe had not condiſcended.
But ſhe (poore ſoule) by cunning was deceau'd,
No hurt therein her harmeleſſe Heart intended:
For ſhe alleadg'd Gods word, which he denies
That they ſhould die, but euen as Gods, be wiſe.

But ſurely *Adam* cannot be excus'd,
Her fault, though great, yet he was moſt too blame;
What Weakneſſe offerd, Strength might haue refus'd,
Being Lord of all, the greater was his ſhame:
Although the Serpents craft had her abus'd,
Gods holy word ought all his actions frame:
For he was Lord and King of all the earth,
Before poore *Eue* had either life or breath.

Who being fram'd by Gods eternall hand,
The perfect'ſt man that euer breath'd on earth,
And from Gods mouth receiu'd that ſtrait command,
The breach whereof he knew was preſent death:
Yea hauing powre to rule both Sea and Land,
Yet with one Apple wonne to looſe that breath,
Which God hath breathed in his beauteous face,
Bringing vs all in danger and diſgrace.

And then to lay the fault on Patience backe,
That we(poore women)muſt endure it all;
We know right well he did diſcretion lacke,
Beeing not perſwaded thereunto at all;
If *Eue* did erre,it was for knowledge ſake,
The fruit beeing faire perſwaded him to fall:
No ſubtill Serpents falſhood did betray him,
If he would eate it,who had powre to ſtay him?

Not *Eue*,whoſe fault was onely too much loue,
Which made her giue this preſent to her Deare,
That what ſhee taſted,he likewiſe might proue,
Whereby his knowledge might become more cleare;
He neuer ſought her weakencſſe to reproue,
With thoſe ſharpe words,which he of God did heare:
Yet Men will boaſt of Knowledge,which he tooke
From *Eues* faire hand,as from a learned Booke.

If any Euill did in her remaine,
Beeing made of him,he was the ground of all;
If one of many Worlds could lay a ſtaine
Vpon our Sexe,and worke ſo great a fall
To wretched Man,by Satans ſubtill traine;
What will ſo fowle a fault amongſt you all?
Her weakeneſſe did the Serpents words obay,
But you in malice Gods deare Sonne betray.

Whom,if vniuſtly you condemne to die,
Her ſinne was ſmall,to what you doe commit;
All mortall ſinnes that doe for vengeance crie,
Are not to be compared vnto it:
If many worlds would altogether trie,
By all their ſinnes the wrath of God to get;
This ſinne of yours,ſurmounts them all as farre
As doth the Sunne,another little ſtarre.

Then

Then let vs haue our Libertie againe,
And challendge to your selues no Soueraignties;
You came not in the world without our paine,
Make that a barre against your cruelties;
Your fault beeing greater, why should you disdaine
Our beeing your equals, free from tyranny?
If one weake woman simply did offend,
This sinne of yours hath no excuse, nor end.

To which (poore soules) we neuer gaue consent,
Witnesse thy wife (O *Pilate*) speakes for all;
Who did but dreame, and yet a message sent,
That thou should'st haue nothing to doe at all
With that iust man; which, if thy heart relent,
Why wilt thou be a reprobate with Saul?
To seeke the death of him that is so good,
For thy soules health to shed his dearest blood.

Yea, so thou mai'st these sinful people please,
Thou art content against all truth and right,
To seale this act, that may procure thine ease,
With blood, and wrong, with tyrannie, and might;
The multitude thou seekest to appease,
By base deiection of this heauenly Light:
Demanding which of these that thou should'st loose,
Whether the Thiefe, or Christ King of the Jewes.

Base *Barrabas* the Thiefe they all desire,
And thou more base than he, perform'st their will;
Yet when thy thoughts backe to themselues retire,
Thou art vnwilling to commit this ill:
Oh that thou couldst vnto such grace aspire,
That thy polluted lips might neuer kill
That Honour, which right Iudgement euer graceth,
To purchase shame, which all true worth defaceth.

Art thou a Iudge, and askest, What to doe
With One, in whom no fault there can be found?
The death of Christ wilt thou consent vnto
Finding no cause, no reason, nor no ground?
Shall he be scourg'd and crucified too?
And must his miseries by thy meanes abound?
Yet not asham'd to aske what he hath done,
When thine owne conscience seeks this sin to shunne.

Three times thou askest, What euill hath he done?
And saist, thou find'st in him no cause of death,
Yet wilt thou chasten Gods beloued Sonne,
Although to thee no word of ill he saith:
For wrath must end, what Malice hath begunne,
And thou must yeeld to stop his guiltlesse breath:
This rude tumultuous rowt doth presse so sore,
That thou condemnest him thou should'st adore.

Yet *Pilate*, this can yeeld thee no content,
To exercise thine owne authoritie,
But vnto *Herod* he must needs be sent,
To reconcile thy selfe by tyrannie:
Was this the greatest good in Iustice meant,
When thou perceiu'st no fault in him to be?
If thou must make thy peace by Virtues fall,
Much better 'twere not to be friends at all.

Yet neither thy sterne browe, nor his great place,
Can draw an answer from the Holy One:
His false accusers, nor his great disgrace,
Nor *Herods* scoffes, to him they are all one:
He neither cares, nor feares his owne ill case,
Though being despis'd and mockt of euery one:
King *Herods* gladnesse giues him little ease,
Neither his anger seekes he to appease.

Yet this is ſtrange, that baſe Impietie
Should yeeld thoſe robes of honour which were due;
Pure white, to ſhew his great Integritie,
His Innocency, that all the world might view,
Perfections height in loweſt penurie,
Such glorious pouerty as they neuer knew:
Purple and Scarlet well might him beſeeme,
Whoſe pretious blood muſt all the world redeeme.

And that Imperiall Crowne of Thornes he wore,
Was much more pretious than the Diademe
Of any king that euer liu'd before,
Or ſince his time, their honour's but a dreame,
To his eternall glorie, being ſo poore,
To make a purchaſe of that heauenly Realme,
Where God with all his Angells liues in peace,
No griefes, nor ſorrowes, but all joyes increaſe.

Thoſe royall robes, which they in ſcorne did giue,
To make him odious to the common ſort,
Yeeld light of grace to thoſe whoſe ſoules ſhall liue
Within the harbour of this heauenly port;
Much doe they joy, and much more do they grieue,
His death, their life, ſhould make his foes ſuch ſport:
With ſharpeſt thornes to pricke his bleſſed face,
Our joyfull ſorrow, and his greater grace.

Three feares at once poſſeſſed *Pilates* heart;
The firſt, Chriſts Innocencie, which ſo plaine appeares:
The next, that he which now muſt feele this ſmart,
Is Gods deare Sonne, for any thing he heares:
But that which proou'd the deepeſt wounding dart,
Is peoples threatnings, which he ſo much feares:
That he to *Cæſar* could not be a friend,
Vnleſſe he ſent ſweet IESVS to his end.

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

Now *Pilate* thou art proou'd a painted wall,
A golden Sepulcher with rotten bones;
From right to wrong, from equitie to fall:
If none vpbraid thee, yet the very ſtones
Will riſe againſt thee, and in queſtion call
His blood, his teares, his ſighes, his bitter groanes:
All theſe will witneſſe at the latter day,
When water cannot waſh thy ſinne away.

Canſt thou be innocent, that gainſt all right,
Wilt yeeld to what thy conſcience doth withſtand?
Beeing a man of knowledge, powre, and might,
To let the wicked carrie ſuch a hand,
Before thy face to blindfold Heau'ns bright light,
And thou to yeeld to what they did demand?
Waſhing thy hands, thy conſcience cannot cleare,
But to all worlds this ſtaine muſt needs appeare.

For loe, the Guiltie doth accuſe the Iuſt,
And faultie Iudge condemnes the Innocent;
And wilfull Iewes to exerciſe their luſt,
With whips and taunts againſt their Lord are bent;
He baſely vs'd, blaſphemed, ſcorn'd, and curſt,
Our heauenly King to death for vs they ſent:
Reproches, ſlanders, ſpittings in his face,
Spight doing all her worſt in his diſgrace.

Chriſt going to death.

¶ And now this long expected houre drawes neere,
When bleſſed Saints with Angels doe condole;
His holy march, ſoft pace, and heauy cheere,
In humble ſort to yeeld his glorious ſoule,
By his deſerts the fowleſt ſinnes to cleare;
And in th'eternall booke of heauen to enroule
A ſatisfaction till the generall doome,
Of all ſinnes paſt, and all that are to come.

They

They that had ſeene this pitifull Proceſſion,
From *Pilates* Palace to Mount Caluarie,
Might thinke he anſwer'd for ſome great tranſgreſſion,
Beeing in ſuch odious ſort condemn'd to die;
He plainely ſhewed that his owne profeſſion
Was virtue, patience, grace, loue, piety;
And how by ſuffering he could conquer more
Than all the Kings that euer liu'd before.

Firſt went the Crier with open mouth proclayming
The heauy ſentence of Iniquitie,
The Hangman next, by his baſe office clayming
His right in Hell, where ſinners neuer die,
Carrying the nayles, the people ſtill blaſpheming
Their maker, vſing all impiety;
The Thieues attending him on either ſide,
¶ The Serjeants watching, while the women cri'd.

The teares of the daughters of Ieruſalem.

Thrice happy women that obtaind ſuch grace
From him whoſe worth the world could not containe;
Immediately to turne about his face,
As not remembring his great griefe and paine,
To comfort you, whoſe teares powr'd forth apace
On *Flora's* bankes, like ſhewers of Aprils raine:
Your cries inforced mercie, grace, and loue
From him, whom greateſt Princes could not mooue

To ſpeake on word, nor once to lift his eyes
Vnto proud *Pilate*, no nor *Herod*, king,
By all the Queſtions that they could deuiſe,
Could make him anſwere to no manner of thing;
Yet theſe poore women, by their pitious cries
Did mooue their Lord, their Louer, and their King,
To take compaſſion, turne about, and ſpeake
To them whoſe hearts were ready now to breake.

Moſt

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

Most blessed Daughters of *Ierusalem*,
Who found such fauor in your Sauiours sight,
To turne his face when you did pitie him;
Your tearefull eyes beheld his eyes more bright;
Your Faith and Loue vnto such grace did clime,
To haue reflection from this Heau'nly light:
Your Eagles eies did gaze against this Sunne,
Your hearts did thinke, he dead, the world were done.

When spitefull men with torments did oppresse
Th'afflicted body of this innocent Doue,
Poore women seeing how much they did transgresse,
By teares, by sighs, by cries, intreate, nay proue,
What may be done among the thickest presse,
They labour still these tyrants hearts to moue:
In pitie and compassion to forbeare
Their whipping, spurning, tearing of his haire,
But all in vaine, their malice hath no end,
Their hearts more hard than flint, or marble stone;
Now to his griefe, his greatnesse they attend,
When he (God knowes) had rather be alone;
They are his guard, yet seeke all meanes t'offend;
Well may he grieue, well may he sigh and groane;
Vnder the burden of a heauy crosse
He faintly goes to make their gaine his losse.

The sorrow of the virgin Marie.

¶ His wofull Mother waiting on her Sonne,
All comfortlesse in depth of sorrow drownd;
Her griefes extreame, although but new begunne,
To see his bleeding Body oft she swouned:
How could she choose but thinke her selfe vndone,
He dying, with whose glory she was crowned?
None euer lost so great a losse as shee,
Being Sonne, and Father of Eternitie.

Her

Her teares did waſh away his pretious blood,
That ſinners might not tread it vnder feet
To worſhip him, and that it did her good
Vpon her knees, although in open ſtreet,
Knowing he was the Ieſſie floure and bud,
That muſt be gath'red when it ſmell'd moſt ſweet:
Her Sonne, her Husband, Father, Saviour, King,
Whoſe death killd Death, and tooke away his ſting.

Moſt bleſſed Virgin, in whoſe faultleſſe fruit,
All Nations of the earth muſt needes reioyce,
No Creature having ſence though ne'r ſo brute,
But ioyes and trembles when they heare his voyce;
His wiſedome ſtrikes the wiſeſt perſons mute,
Faire choſen veſſell, happy in his choyce:
Deere Mother of our Lord, whoſe reuerend name,
All people Bleſſed call, and ſpread thy fame.

For the Almightie magnified thee,
And looked downe vpon thy meane eſtate;
Thy lowly mind, and vnſtain'd Chaſtitie,
Did pleade for Loue at great *Iehouaes* gate,
Who ſending ſwift-wing'd *Gabriel* vnto thee,
His holy will and pleaſure to relate;
To thee moſt beauteous Queene of Woman-kind,
The Angell did vnfold his Makers mind.

The ſalutation of the virgin Marie.

¶He thus beganne, Haile *Mary* full of grace,
Thou freely art beloued of the Lord,
He is with thee, behold thy happy caſe;
What endleſſe comfort did theſe words afford
To thee that ſaw'ſt an Angell in the place
Proclaime thy Virtues worth, and to record
Thee bleſſed among women: that thy praiſe
Should laſt ſo many worlds beyond thy daies.

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

Loe, this high meſſage to thy troubled ſpirit,
He doth deliuer in the plaineſt ſence;
Sayes, Thou ſhouldſt beare a Sonne that ſhal inherit
His Father *Dauids* throne, free from offence,
Call's him that Holy thing, by whoſe pure merit
We muſt be ſau'd, tels what he is, of whence;
His worth, his greatneſſe, what his name muſt be,
Who ſhould be call'd the Sonne of the moſt High.

He cheeres thy troubled ſoule, bids thee not feare;
When thy pure thoughts could hardly apprehend
This ſalutation, when he did appeare;
Nor couldſt thou judge, whereto thoſe words did tend;
His pure aſpect did mooue thy modeſt cheere
To muſe, yet joy that God vouchſaf'd to ſend
His glorious Angel; who did thee aſſure
To beare a child, although a Virgin pure.

Nay more, thy Sonne ſhould Rule and Raigne for euer;
Yea, of his Kingdom there ſhould be no end;
Ouer the houſe of *Iacob*, Heauens great Giuer
Would giue him powre, and to that end did ſend
His faithfull ſeruant *Gabriel* to deliuer
To thy chaſt eares no word that might offend:
But that this bleſſed Infant borne of thee,
Thy Sonne, The onely Sonne of God ſhould be.

When on the knees of thy ſubmiſſiue heart
Thou humbly didſt demand, How that ſhould be?
Thy virgin thoughts did thinke, none could impart
This great good hap, and bleſſing vnto thee;
Farre from deſire of any man thou art,
Knowing not one, thou art from all men free:
When he, to anſwere this thy chaſte deſire,
Giues thee more cauſe to wonder and admire.

That

That thou a bleſſed Virgin ſhoulſt remaine,
Yea that the holy Ghoſt ſhould come on thee
A maiden Mother, ſubiect to no paine,
For higheſt powre ſhould ouerſhadow thee:
Could thy faire eyes from teares of joy refraine,
When God look'd downe vpon thy poore degree?
Making thee Seruant, Mother, Wife, and Nurſe
To Heauens bright King, that freed vs from the curſe.

Thus beeing crown'd with glory from aboue,
Grace and Perfection reſting in thy breaſt,
Thy humble anſwer doth approoue thy Loue,
And all theſe ſayings in thy heart doe reſt:
Thy Child a Lambe, and thou a Turtle doue,
Aboue all other women highly bleſt;
To find ſuch fauour in his glorious ſight,
In whom thy heart and ſoule doe moſt delight.

What wonder in the world more ſtrange could ſeeme,
Than that a Virgin could conceiue and beare
Within her wombe a Sonne, That ſhould redeeme
All Nations on the earth, and ſhould repaire
Our old decaies: who in ſuch high eſteeme,
Should prize all mortals, liuing in his feare;
As not to ſhun Death, Pouertie, and Shame,
To ſaue their ſoules, and ſpread his glorious Name.

And partly to fulfil his Fathers pleaſure,
Whoſe powrefull hand allowes it not for ſtrange,
If he vouchſafe the riches of his treaſure,
Pure Righteouſneſſe to take ſuch il exchange;
On all Iniquitie to make a ſeiſure,
Giuing his ſnow-white Weed for ours in change;
Our mortall garment in a skarlet Die,
Too baſe a roabe for Immortalitie.

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

Moſt happy news, that euer yet was brought,
When Pouerty and Riches met together,
The wealth of Heauen, in our fraile clothing wrought
Saluation by his happy comming hither:
Mighty Meſſias, who ſo deerely bought
Vs Slaues to ſinne, farre lighter than a feather:
Toſs'd to and fro with euery wicked wind,
The world, the fleſh, or Deuill giues to blind.

Who on his ſhoulders our blacke ſinnes doth beare
To that moſt bleſſed, yet accurſed Croſſe;
Where faſtning them, he rids vs of our feare,
Yea for our gaine he is content with loſſe,
Our ragged clothing ſcornes he not to weare,
Though foule, rent, torne, diſgracefull, rough and groſſe,
Spunne by that monſter Sinne, and weav'd by Shame,
Which grace it ſelfe, diſgrac'd with impure blame.

How canſt thou chooſe (faire Virgin) then but mourne,
When this ſweet of-ſpring of thy body dies,
When thy faire eies beholds his bodie torne,
The peoples fury, heares the womens cries;
His holy name prophan'd, He made a ſcorne,
Abuſde with all their hatefull ſlaunderous lies:
Bleeding and fainting in ſuch wondrous ſort,
As ſcarce his feeble limbes can him ſupport.

Now *Simon* of *Cyrene* paſſeth them by,
Whom they compell ſweet IESVS Croſſe to beare
To *Golgatha*, there doe they meane to trie
All cruell meanes to worke in him diſpaire:
That odious place, where dead mens skulls did lie,
There muſt our Lord for preſent death prepare:
His ſacred blood muſt grace that loathſome field,
To purge more filth, than that foule place could yield.

For

¶ For now arriu'd vnto this hatefull place, *Christs death.*
In which his Crosse erected needes must bee,
False hearts, and willing hands come on apace,
All prest to ill, and all desire to see:
Graceleſſe themſelues, ſtill ſeeking to diſgrace;
Bidding him, If the Sonne of God he bee,
To ſaue himſelfe, if he could others ſaue,
With all th'opprobrious words that might depraue.

His harmeleſſe hands vnto the Croſſe they nailde,
And feet that neuer trode in ſinners trace,
Betweene two theeues, vnpitied, vnbewailde,
Saue of ſome few poſſeſſors of his grace,
With ſharpeſt pangs and terrors thus appailde,
Sterne Death makes way, that Life might giue him place:
His eyes with teares, his body full of wounds,
Death laſt of paines his ſorrows all confounds.

His joynts diſ-joynted, and his legges hang downe,
His alablaſter breaſt, his bloody ſide,
His members torne, and on his head a Crowne
Of ſharpeſt Thorns, to ſatisfie for pride:
Anguiſh and Paine doe all his Sences drowne,
While they his holy garments do diuide:
His bowells drie, his heart full fraught with griefe,
Crying to him that yeelds him no reliefe.

¶ This with the eie of Faith thou maiſt behold, *To my Ladie of Cumberland.*
Deere Spouſe of Chriſt, and more than I can write;
And here both Griefe and Ioy thou maiſt vnfold,
To view thy Loue in this moſt heauy plight,
Bowing his head, his bloodleſſe body cold;
Thoſe eies waxe dimme that gaue vs all our light,
His count'nance pale, yet ſtill continues ſweet,
His bleſſed blood watring his pierced feet.

O glorious miracle without compare!
Last, but not least which was by him effected;
Vniting death, life, misery, joy and care,
By his sharpe passion in his deere elected:
Who doth the Badges of like Liueries weare,
Shall find how deere they are of him respected.
No joy, griefe, paine, life, death, was like to his,
Whose infinite dolours wrought eternall blisse.

The terror of all creatures at that instant when Christ died.

¶ What creature on the earth did then remaine,
On whom the horror of this shamefull deed
Did not inflict some violent touch, or straine,
To see the Lord of all the world to bleed?
His dying breath did rend huge rockes in twaine,
The heauens betooke them to their mourning weed:
The Sunne grew darke, and scorn'd to giue them light,
Who durst eclipse a glory farre more bright.

The Moone and Starres did hide themselues for shame,
The earth did rremble in her loyall feate,
The Temple vaile did rent to spread his fame,
The Monuments did open euery where;
Dead Saints did rise forth of their graues, and came
To diuers people that remained there
Within that holy City; whose offence,
Did put their Maker to this large expence.

Things reasonable, and reasonlesse possest
The terrible impression of this fact;
For his oppression made them all oppress,
When with his blood he seal'd so faire an act,
In restlesse miserie to procure our rest;
His glorious deedes that dreadfull prison sackt:
When Death, Hell, Diuells, vsing all their powre,
Were ouercome in that most blessed houre.

Being

Being dead, he killed Death, and did ſuruiue
That prowd inſulting Tyrant: in whoſe place
He ſends bright Immortalitie to reuiue
Thoſe whom his yron armes did long embrace;
Who from their loathſome graues brings them aliue
In glory to behold their Sauiours face:
Who tooke the keys of all Deaths powre away,
Opening to thoſe that would his name obay.

O wonder, more than man can comprehend,
Our Ioy and Griefe both at one inſtant fram'd,
Compounded: Contrarieties contend
Each to exceed, yet neither to be blam'd.
Our Griefe to ſee our Sauiours wretched end,
Our Ioy to know both Death and Hell he tam'd:
That we may ſay, O Death, where is thy ſting?
Hell, yeeld thy victory to thy conq'ring King.

Can ſtony hearts refraine from ſhedding teares,
To view the life and death of this ſweet Saint?
His auſtere courſe in yong and tender yeares,
When great inducements could not make him faint:
His wants, his paines, his torments, and his feares,
All which he vndertooke without conſtraint,
To ſhew that infinite Goodneſſe muſt reſtore,
What infinite Iuſtice looked for, and more.

Yet, had he beene but of a meane degree,
His ſuffrings had beene ſmall to what they were;
Meane minds will ſhew of what meane mouldes they bee;
Small griefes ſeeme great, yet Vſe doth make them beare:
Bnt ah! tis hard to ſtirre a ſturdy tree;
Great dangers hardly puts great minds in feare:
They will conceale their griefes which mightie grow
In their ſtout hearts vntill they ouerflow.

If

If then an earthly Prince may ill endure
The leaſt of thoſe afflictions which he bare,
How could this all-commaunding King procure
Such grieuous torments with his mind to ſquare,
Legions of Angells being at his Lure?
He might haue liu'd in pleaſure without care:
None can conceiue the bitter paines he felt,
When God and man muſt ſuffer without guilt.

Take all the Suffrings Thoughts can thinke vpon,
In eu'ry man that this huge world hath bred;
Let all thoſe Paines and Suffrings meet in one,
Yet are they not a Mite to that he did
Endure for vs: Oh let vs thinke thereon,
That God ſhould haue his pretious blood ſo ſhed:
His Greatneſſe clothed in our fraile attire,
And pay ſo deare a ranſome for the hire.

Loe, here was glorie, miſerie, life and death,
An vnion of contraries did accord;
Gladneſſe and ſadneſſe here had one berth,
This wonder wrought the Paſſion of our Lord,
He ſuffring for all the ſinnes of all th'earth,
No ſatisfaction could the world afford:
But this rich Iewell, which from God was ſent,
To call all thoſe that would in time repent.

Which I preſent (deare Lady) to your view,
Vpon the Croſſe depriu'd of life or breath,
To judge if euer Louer were ſo true,
To yeeld himſelfe vnto ſuch ſhamefull death:
Now bleſſed *Ioſeph* doth both beg and ſue,
To haue his body who poſſeſt his faith,
And thinkes, if he this ſmall requeſt obtaines,
He wins more wealth than in the world remaines.

This

Thus honourable *Ioseph* is possest,
Of what his heart and soule so much desired,
And now he goes to giue that body rest,
That all his life, with griefes and paines was tired;
He finds a Tombe, a Tombe most rarely blest,
In which was neuer creature yet interred;
There this most pretious body he incloses,
Imbalmd and deckt with Lillies and with Roses.

Loe here the Beautie of Heau'n and Earth is laid,
The purest coulers vnderneath the Sunne,
But in this place he cannot long be staid,
Glory must end what horror hath begun;
For he the furie of the Heauens obay'd,
And now he must possesse what he hath wonne:
The *Maries* doe with pretious balmes attend,
But beeing come, they find it to no end.

¶ For he is rize from Death t'Eternall Life, *Christs resurrection.*
And now those pretious oyntments he desires
Are brought vnto him, by his faithfull Wife
The holy Church; who in those rich attires,
Of Patience, Loue, Long suffring, Voide of strife,
Humbly presents those oyntments he requires:
The oyles of Mercie, Charitie, and Faith,
Shee onely giues that which no other hath.

¶ These pretious balmes doe heale his grieuous wounds, *A briefe description of his beautie vpon the Canticles.*
And water of Compunction washeth cleane
The soares of sinnes, which in our Soules abounds;
So faire it heales, no skarre is euer seene;
Yet all the glory vnto Christ redounds,
His pretious blood is that which must redeeme;
Those well may make vs louely in his sight,
But cannot saue without his powrefull might.

This is that Bridegroome that appeares ſo faire,
So ſweet, ſo louely in his Spouſes ſight,
That vnto Snowe we may his face compare,
His cheekes like skarlet, and his eyes ſo bright
As pureſt Doues that in the riuers are,
Waſhed with milke, to giue the more delight;
His head is likened to the fineſt gold,
His curled lockes ſo beauteous to behold;

Blacke as a Raven in her blackeſt hew;
His lips like skarlet threeds, yet much more ſweet
Than is the ſweeteſt hony dropping dew,
Or hony combes, where all the Bees doe meet;
Yea, he is conſtant, and his words are true,
His cheekes are beds of ſpices, flowers ſweet;
His lips like Lillies, dropping downe pure mirrhe,
Whoſe loue, before all worlds we doe preferre.

To my Lady of Cumberland.

¶ Ah! giue me leaue (good Lady) now to leaue
This taske of Beauty which I tooke in hand,
I cannot wade ſo deepe, I may deceaue
My ſelfe, before I can attaine the land;
Therefore (good Madame) in your heart I leaue
His perfect picture, where it ſtill ſhall ſtand,
Deepely engraued in that holy ſhrine,
Enuironed with Loue and Thoughts diuine.

There may you ſee him as a God in glory,
And as a man in miſerable caſe;
There may you reade his true and perfect ſtorie,
His bleeding body there you may embrace,
And kiſſe his dying cheekes with teares of ſorrow,
With ioyfull griefe, you may intreat for grace;
And all your prayers, and your almes-deeds
May bring to ſtop his cruell wounds that bleeds.

Oft

Oft times hath he made triall of your loue,
And in your Faith hath tooke no ſmall delight,
By Croſſes and Afflictions he doth proue,
Yet ſtill your heart remaineth firme and right;
Your loue ſo ſtrong, as nothing can remoue,
Your thoughts beeing placed on him both day and night,
Your conſtant ſoule doth lodge betweene her breſts,
This Sweet of ſweets, in which all glory reſts.

Sometime h'appeares to thee in Shepheards weed,
And ſo preſents himſelfe before thine eyes,
A good old man; that goes his flocke to feed;
Thy colour changes, and thy heart doth riſe;
Thou call'ſt, he comes, thou find'ſt tis he indeed,
Thy Soule conceaues that he is truely wiſe:
Nay more, deſires that he may be the Booke,
Whereon thine eyes continually may looke.

Sometime impriſon'd, naked, poore, and bare,
Full of diſeaſes, impotent, and lame,
Blind, deafe, and dumbe, he comes vnto his faire,
To ſee if yet ſhee will remaine the ſame;
Nay ſicke and wounded, now thou do'ſt prepare
To cheriſh him in thy deare Louers name:
Yea thou beſtow'ſt all paines, all coſt, all care,
That may relieue him, and his health repaire.

Theſe workes of mercy are ſo ſweete, ſo deare
To him that is the Lord of Life and Loue,
That all thy prayers he vouchſafes to heare,
And ſends his holy Spirit from aboue;
Thy eyes are op'ned, and thou ſeeſt ſo cleare,
No worldly thing can thy faire mind remoue;
Thy faith, thy prayers, and his ſpeciall grace
Doth open Heau'n, where thou beholdſt his face.

Theſe are thoſe Keyes Saint *Peter* did poſſeſſe,
Which with a Spirituall powre are giu'n to thee,
To heale the ſoules of thoſe that doe tranſgreſſe,
By thy faire virtues; which, if once they ſee,
Vnto the like they doe their minds addreſſe,
Such as thou art, ſuch they deſire to be:
If they be blind, thou giu'ſt to them their ſight;
If deafe or lame, they heare, and goe vpright.

Yea, if poſſeſt with any euill ſpirits,
Such powre thy faire examples haue obtain'd
To caſt them out, applying Chriſts pure merits,
By which they are bound, and of all hurt reſtrain'd:
If ſtrangely taken, wanting ſence or wits,
Thy faith appli'd vnto their ſoules ſo pain'd,
Healeth all griefes, and makes them grow ſo ſtrong,
As no defects can hang vpon them long.

Thou beeing thus rich, no riches do'ſt reſpect,
Nor do'ſt thou care for any outward ſhowe;
The proud that doe faire Virtues rules neglect,
Deſiring place, thou ſitteſt them belowe:
All wealth and honour thou do'ſt quite reiect,
If thou perceiu'ſt that once it prooues a foe
To virtue, learning, and the powres diuine,
Thou mai'ſt conuert, but neuer wilt incline

To fowle diſorder, or licentiouſneſſe,
But in thy modeſt vaile do'ſt ſweetly couer
The ſtaines of other ſinnes, to make themſelues,
That by this meanes thou mai'ſt in time recouer
Thoſe weake loſt ſheepe that did ſo long tranſgreſſe,
Preſenting them vnto thy deereſt Louer;
That when he brings them backe vnto his fold,
In their conuerſion then he may behold

Thy

Thy beauty ſhining brighter than the Sunne,
Thine honour more than euer Monarke gaind,
Thy wealth exceeding his that Kingdomes wonne,
Thy Loue vnto his Spouſe, thy Faith vnfaind,
Thy Conſtancy in what thou haſt begun,
Till thou his heauenly Kingdom haue obtaind;
Reſpecting worldly wealth to be but droſſe,
Which, if abuz'd, doth prooue the owners loſſe.

Great *Cleopatra's* loue to *Anthony*,
Can no way be compared vnto thine;
Shee left her Loue in his extremitie,
When greateſt need ſhould cauſe her to combine
Her force with his, to get the Victory:
Her Loue was earthly, and thy Loue Diuine;
Her Loue was onely to ſupport her pride,
Humilitie thy Loue and Thee doth guide.

That glorious part of Death, which laſt ſhee plai'd,
T'appeaſe the ghoſt of her deceaſed Loue,
Had neuer needed, if ſhee could haue ſtai'd
When his extreames made triall, and did proue
Her leaden loue vnconſtant, and afraid:
Their wicked warres the wrath of God might moue
To take reuenge for chaſt *Octavia's* wrongs,
Becauſe ſhee enjoyes what vnto her belongs.

No *Cleopatra*, though thou wert as faire
As any Creature in *Antonius* eyes;
Yea though thou wert as rich, as wiſe, as rare,
As any Pen could write, or Wit deuiſe;
Yet with this Lady canſt thou not compare,
Whoſe inward virtues all thy worth denies:
Yet thou a blacke Egyptian do'ſt appeare;
Thou falſe, ſhee true; and to her Loue more deere.

Shee ſacrificeth to her deereſt Loue,
With flowres of Faith, and garlands of Good deeds;
Shee flies not from him when afflictions proue,
Shee beares his croſſe, and ſtops his wounds that bleeds;
Shee loues and liues chaſte as the Turtle doue,
Shee attends vpon him, and his flocke ſhee feeds;
Yea for one touch of death which thou did'ſt trie,
A thouſand deaths ſhee euery day doth die.

Her virtuous life exceeds thy worthy death,
Yea, ſhe hath richer ornaments of ſtate,
Shining more glorious than in dying breath
Thou didſt; when either pride, or cruell fate,
Did worke thee to preuent a double death;
To ſtay the malice, ſcorne, and cruell hate
Of Rome; that joy'd to ſee thy pride pull'd downe,
Whoſe Beauty wrought the hazard of her Crowne.

Good Madame, though your modeſtie be ſuch,
Not to acknowledge what we know and find;
And that you thinke theſe prayſes ouermuch,
Which doe expreſſe the beautie of your mind;
Yet pardon me although I giue a touch
Vnto their eyes, that elſe would be ſo blind,
As not to ſee thy ſtore, and their owne wants,
From whoſe faire ſeeds of Virtue ſpring theſe plants.

And knowe, when firſt into this world I came,
This charge was giu'n me by th'Eternall powres,
Th'euerlaſting Trophie of thy fame,
To build and decke it with the ſweeteſt flowres
That virtue yeelds; Then Madame, doe not blame
Me, when I ſhew the World but what is yours,
And decke you with that crowne which is your due,
That of Heau'ns beauty Earth may take a view.

Though

Though famous women elder times haue knowne,
Whoſe glorious actions did appeare ſo bright,
That powrefull men by them were ouerthrowne,
And all their armies ouercome in fight;
The Scythian women by their powre alone,
Put king *Darius* vnto ſhamefull flight:
All Aſia yeelded to their conq'ring hand,
Great *Alexander* could not their powre withſtand.

Whoſe worth, though writ in lines of blood and fire,
Is not to be compared vnto thine;
Their powre was ſmall to ouercome Deſire,
Or to direct their wayes by Virtues line:
Were they aliue, they would thy Life admire,
And vnto thee their honours would reſigne:
For thou a greater conqueſt do'ſt obtaine,
Than they who haue ſo many thouſands ſlaine.

Wiſe *Deborah* that judged Iſrael,
Nor valiant *Iudeth* cannot equall thee,
Vnto the firſt, God did his will reueale,
And gaue her powre to ſet his people free;
Yea *Iudeth* had the powre likewiſe to queale
Proud *Holiſernes*, that the juſt might ſee
What ſmall defence vaine pride, and greatneſſe hath
Againſt the weapons of Gods word and faith.

But thou farre greater warre do'ſt ſtill maintaine,
Againſt that many headed monſter Sinne,
Whoſe mortall ſting hath many thouſand ſlaine,
And euery day freſh combates doe begin;
Yet cannot all his venome lay one ſtaine
Vpon thy Soule, thou do'ſt the conqueſt winne,
Though all the world he daily doth deuoure,
Yet ouer thee he neuer could get powre.

For

For that one worthy deed by *Deb'rah* done,
Thou haſt performed many in thy time;
For that one Conqueſt that faire *Iudeth* wonne,
By which ſhee did the ſteps of honour clime;
Thou haſt the Conqueſt of all Conqueſts wonne,
When to thy Conſcience Hell can lay no crime:
For that one head that *Iudeth* bare away,
Thou tak'ſt from Sinne a hundred heads a day.

Though virtuous *Heſter* faſted three dayes ſpace,
And ſpent her time in prayers all that while,
That by Gods powre ſhee might obtaine ſuch grace,
That ſhee and hers might not become a ſpoyle
To wicked *Hamon*, in whoſe crabbed face
Was ſeene the map of malice, enuie, guile;
Her glorious garments though ſhee put apart,
So to preſent a pure and ſingle heart

To God, in ſack-cloth, aſhes, and with teares;
Yet muſt faire *Heſter* needs giue place to thee,
Who hath continu'd dayes, weekes, months, and yeares,
In Gods true ſeruice, yet thy heart beeing free
From doubt of death, or any other feares:
Faſting from ſinne, thou pray'ſt thine eyes may ſee
Him that hath full poſſeſſion of thine heart,
From whoſe ſweet loue thy Soule can neuer part.

His Loue, not Feare, makes thee to faſt and pray,
No kinſmans counſell needs thee to aduiſe;
The ſack-cloth thou do'ſt weare both night and day,
Is worldly troubles, which thy reſt denies;
The aſhes are the Vanities that play
Ouer thy head, and ſteale before thine eyes;
Which thou ſhak'ſt off when mourning time is paſt,
That royall roabes thou may'ſt put on at laſt.

Ioachims wife; that faire and constant Dame,
Who rather chose a cruel death to die,
Than yeeld to those two Elders voide of shame,
When both at once her chastitie did trie,
Whose Innocencie bare away the blame,
Vntill th' Almighty Lord had heard her crie;
And rais'd the spirit of a Child to speake,
Making the powrefull judged of the weake.

Although her virtue doe deserue to be
Writ by that hand that neuer purchas'd blame;
In holy Writ, where all the world may see
Her perfit life, and euer honoured name:
Yet was she not to be compar'd to thee,
Whose many virtues doe increase thy fame:
For shee oppos'd against old doting Lust,
Who with lifes danger she did feare to trust.

But your chaste breast, guarded with strength of mind,
Hates the imbracements of vnchaste desires;
You louing God, liue in your selfe confind
From vnpure Loue, your purest thoughts retires,
Your perfit sight could neuer be so blind,
To entertaine the old or yong desires
Of idle Louers; which the world presents,
Whose base abuses worthy minds preuents.

Euen as the constant Lawrell, alwayes greene,
No parching heate of Summer can deface,
Nor pinching Winter euer yet was seene,
Whose nipping frosts could wither, or disgrace:
So you (deere Ladie) still remaine as Queene,
Subduing all affections that are base,
Vnalterable by the change of times,
Not following, but lamenting others crimes.

No feare of Death, or dread of open ſhame,
Hinders your perfect heart to giue conſent;
Nor loathſome age, whom Time could neuer tame
From ill deſignes, whereto their youth was bent;
But loue of God, care to preſerue your fame,
And ſpend that pretious time that God hath ſent,
In all good exerciſes of the minde,
Whereto your noble nature is inclin'd.

That Ethyopian Queene did gaine great fame,
Who from the Southerne world, did come to ſee
Great *Salomon*; the glory of whoſe name
Had ſpread it ſelfe ore all the earth, to be
So great, that all the Princes thither came,
To be ſpectators of his royaltie:
And this faire Queene of Sheba came from farre,
To reuerence this new appearing ſtarre.

From th'vtmoſt part of all the Earth ſhee came,
To heare the Wiſdom of this worthy King;
To trie if Wonder did agree with Fame,
And many faire rich preſents did ſhe bring:
Yea many ſtrange hard queſtions did ſhee frame,
All which were anſwer'd by this famous King:
Nothing was hid that in her heart did reſt,
And all to prooue this King ſo highly bleſt.

Here Maieſtie with Maieſtie did meete,
Wiſdome to Wiſdome yeelded true content,
One Beauty did another Beauty greet,
Bounty to Bountie neuer could repent;
Here all diſtaſte is troden vnder feet,
No loſſe of time, where time was ſo well ſpent
In virtuous exerciſes of the minde,
In which this Queene did much contentment finde.

Spirits affect where they doe sympathize,
Wisdom desires Wisdome to embrace,
Virtue couets her like, and doth deuize
How she her friends may entertaine with grace;
Beauty sometime is pleas'd to feed her eyes,
With viewing Beautie in anothers face:
Both good and bad in this point doe agree,
That each desireth with his like to be.

And this Desire did worke a strange effect,
To drawe a Queene forth of her natiue Land,
Not yeelding to the niceneſſe and respect
Of woman-kind; shee past both sea and land,
All feare of dangers shee did quite neglect,
Onely to see, to heare, and vnderstand
That beauty, wisedome, maiestie, and glorie,
That in her heart impreſt his perfect storie.

Yet this faire map of maiestie and might,
Was but a figure of thy deereſt Loue,
Borne t'expreſſe that true and heauenly light,
That doth all other joyes imperfect proue;
If this faire Earthly starre did shine so bright,
What doth that glorious Sonne that is aboue?
Who weares th'imperiall crowne of heauen and earth,
And made all Christians bleſſed in his berth.

If that small sparke could yeeld so great a fire,
As to inflame the hearts of many Kings
To come to see, to heare, and to admire
His wisdome, tending but to worldly things;
Then much more reason haue we to desire
That heau'nly wisedome, which saluation brings;
The Sonne of righteouſneſſe, that giues true joyes,
When all they sought for, were but Earthly toyes.

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

No trauels ought th'affected ſoule to ſhunne,
That this faire heauenly Light deſires to ſee:
This King of kings to whom we all ſhould runne,
To view his Glory and his Majeſtie;
He without whom we all had beene vndone,
He that from Sinne and Death hath ſet vs free,
And ouercome Satan, the world, and ſinne,
That by his merits we thoſe joyes might winne.

Prepar'd by him, whoſe euerlaſting throne
Is plac'd in heauen, aboue the ſtarrie skies,
Where he that ſate, was like the Iaſper ſtone,
Who rightly knowes him ſhall be truely wiſe,
A Rainebow round about his glorious throne;
Nay more, thoſe winged beaſts ſo full of eies,
That neuer ceaſe to glorifie his Name,
Who was, and will be, and is now the ſame.

This is that great almightie Lord that made
Both heauen and earth, and liues for euermore;
By him the worlds foundation firſt was laid:
He fram'd the things that neuer were before:
The Sea within his bounds by him is ſtaid,
He judgeth all alike, both rich and poore:
All might, all majeſtie, all loue, all lawe
Remaines in him that keepes all worlds in awe.

From his eternall throne the lightning came,
Thundrings and Voyces did from thence proceede;
And all the creatures glorifi'd his name,
In heauen, in earth, and ſeas, they all agreed,
When loe that ſpotleſſe Lambe ſo voyd of blame,
That for vs di'd, whoſe ſinnes did make him bleed:
That true Phyſition that ſo many heales,
Opened the Booke, and did vndoe the Seales.

He onely worthy to vndoe the Booke
Of our charg'd ſoules, full of iniquitie,
Where with the eyes of mercy he doth looke
Vpon our weakeneſſe and infirmitie;
This is that corner ſtone that was forſooke,
Who leaues it, truſts but to vncertaintie:
This is Gods Sonne, in whom he is well pleaſed,
His deere beloued, that his wrath appeaſed.

He that had powre to open all the Seales,
And ſummon vp our ſinnes of blood and wrong,
He vnto whom the righteous ſoules appeales,
That haue bin martyrd, and doe thinke it long,
To whom in mercie he his will reueales,
That they ſhould reſt a little in their wrong,
Vntill their fellow ſeruants ſhould be killed,
Euen as they were, and that they were fulfilled.

¶ Pure thoughted Lady, bleſſed be thy choyce *To the Lady dowager of Cumberland.*
Of this Almightie, euerlaſting King;
In thee his Saints and Angels doe reioyce,
And to their Heau'nly Lord doe daily ſing
Thy perfect praiſes in their lowdeſt voyce;
And all their harpes and golden vials bring
Full of ſweet odours, euen thy holy prayers
Vnto that ſpotleſſe Lambe, that all repaires.

Of whom that Heathen Queene obtain'd ſuch grace,
By honouring but the ſhadow of his Loue,
That great Iudiciall day to haue a place,
Condemning thoſe that doe vnfaithfull proue;
Among the hapleſſe, happie is her caſe,
That her deere Sauiour ſpake for her behoue;
And that her memorable Act ſhould be
Writ by the hand of true Eternitie.

Yet this rare Phœnix of that worne-out age,
This great maiesticke Queene comes short of thee,
Who to an earthly Prince did then ingage
Her hearts desires, her loue, her libertie,
Acting her glorious part vpon a Stage
Of weakneſſe, frailtie, and infirmity:
Giuing all honour to a Creature, due
To her Creator, whom ſhee neuer knew.

But loe, a greater thou haſt ſought and found
Than *Salomon* in all his royaltie;
And vnto him thy faith moſt firmely bound
To ſerue and honour him continually;
That glorious God, whoſe terror doth confound
All ſinfull workers of iniquitie:
Him haſt thou truely ſerued all thy life,
And for his loue, liu'd with the world at ſtrife.

To this great Lord, thou onely art affected,
Yet came he not in pompe or royaltie,
But in an humble habit, baſe, deiected;
A King, a God, clad in mortalitie,
He hath thy loue, thou art by him directed,
His perfect path was faire humilitie:
Who being Monarke of heau'n, earth, and ſeas,
Indur'd all wrongs, yet no man did diſpleaſe.

Then how much more art thou to be commended,
That ſeek'ſt thy loue in lowly ſhepheards weed?
A ſeeming Trades-mans ſonne, of none attended,
Saue of a few in pouertie and need;
Poore Fiſhermen that on his loue attended,
His loue that makes ſo many thouſands bleed:
Thus did he come, to trie our faiths the more,
Poſſeſſing worlds, yet ſeeming extreame poore.

The Pilgrimes trauels, and the Shepheards cares,
He tooke vpon him to enlarge our ſoules,
What pride hath loſt, humilitie repaires,
For by his glorious death he vs inroules
In deepe Characters, writ with blood and teares,
Vpon thoſe bleſſed Euerlaſting ſcroules;
His hands, his feete, his body, and his face,
Whence freely flow'd the riuers of his grace.

Sweet holy riuers, pure celeſtiall ſprings,
Proceeding from the fountaine of our life;
Swift ſugred currents that ſaluation brings,
Cleare chriſtall ſtreames, purging all ſinne and ſtrife,
Faire floods, where ſouls do bathe their ſnow-white wings,
Before they flie to true etern all life:
Sweet Nectar and Ambroſia, food of Saints,
Which, whoſo taſteth, neuer after faints.

This hony dropping dew of holy loue,
Sweet milke, wherewith we weaklings are reſtored,
Who drinkes thereof, a world can neuer moue,
All earthly pleaſures are of them abhorred;
This loue made Martyrs many deaths to proue,
To taſte his ſweetneſſe, whom they ſo adored:
Sweetneſſe that makes our fleſh a burthen to vs,
Knowing it ſerues but onely to vndoe vs.

His ſweetneſſe ſweet'ned all the ſowre of death,
To faithfull *Stephen* his appointed Saint;
Who by the riuer ſtones did looſe his breath,
When paines nor terrors could not make him faint:
So was this bleſſed Martyr turn'd to earth,
To glorifie his ſoule by deaths attaint:
This holy Saint was humbled and caſt downe,
To winne in heauen an euerlaſting crowne.

Whoſe

Whoſe face repleat with Maieſtie and Sweetneſſe,
Did as an Angel vnto them appeare,
That ſate in Counſell hearing his diſcreetneſſe,
Seeing no change, or any ſigne of a feare;
But with a conſtant browe did there confeſſe
Chriſts high deſerts, which were to him ſo deare:
Yea when theſe Tyrants ſtormes did moſt oppreſſe,
Chriſt did appeare to make his griefe the leſſe.

For beeing filled with the holy Ghoſt,
Vp vnto Heau'n he look'd with ſtedfaſt eies,
Where God appeared with his heauenly hoſte
In glory to this Saint before he dies;
Although he could no Earthly pleaſures boaſt,
At Gods right hand ſweet IESVS he eſpies;
Bids them behold Heauens open, he doth ſee
The Sonne of Man at Gods right hand to be.

Whoſe ſweetneſſe ſweet'ned that ſhort ſowre of Life,
Making all bitterneſſe delight his taſte,
Yeelding ſweet quietneſſe in bitter ſtrife,
And moſt contentment when he di'd diſgrac'd;
Heaping vp joyes where ſorrows were moſt rife;
Such ſweetneſſe could not chooſe but be imbrac'd:
The food of Soules, the Spirits onely treaſure,
The Paradiſe of our celeſtiall pleaſure.

This Lambe of God, who di'd, and was aliue,
Preſenting vs the bread of life Eternall,
His bruiſed body powrefull to reuiue
Our ſinking ſoules, out of the pit infernall;
For by this bleſſed food he did contriue
A worke of grace, by this his gift externall,
With heau'nly Manna, food of his elected,
To feed their ſoules, of whom he is reſpected.

This wheate of Heauen the bleſſed Angells bread,
Wherewith he feedes his deere adopted Heires;
Sweet foode of life that doth reuiue the dead,
And from the liuing takes away all cares;
To taſte this ſweet Saint *Laurence* did not dread,
The broyling gridyorne cool'd with holy teares:
Yeelding his naked body to the fire,
To taſte this ſweetneſſe, ſuch was his deſire.

Nay, what great ſweetneſſe did th'Apoſtles taſte,
Condemn'd by Counſell, when they did returne;
Rejoycing that for him they di'd diſgrac'd,
Whoſe ſweetnes made their hearts and ſoules ſo burne
With holy zeale and loue moſt pure and chaſte;
For him they ſought from whome they might not turne:
Whoſe loue made *Andrew* goe moſt joyfully,
Vnto the Croſſe, on which he meant to die.

The Princes of th'Apoſtles were ſo filled
With the delicious ſweetnes of his grace,
That willingly they yeelded to be killed,
Receiuing deaths that were moſt vile and baſe,
For his name ſake, that all might be fulfilled.
They with great joy all torments did imbrace:
The vgliſt face that Death could euer yeeld,
Could neuer feare theſe Champions from the field.

They ſtill continued in their glorious fight,
Againſt the enemies of fleſh and blood;
And in Gods law did ſet their whole delight,
Suppreſſing euill, and erecting good:
Not ſparing Kings in what they did not right;
Their noble Actes they ſeal'd with deereſt blood:
One choſe the Gallowes, that vnſeemely death,
The other by the Sword did looſe his breath.

His Head did pay the deareſt rate of ſin,
Yeelding it joyfully vnto the Sword,
To be cut off as he had neuer bin,
For ſpeaking truth according to Gods word,
Telling king *Herod* of inceſtuous ſin,
That hatefull crime of God and man abhorr'd:
His brothers wife, that prowd licentious Dame,
Cut off his Head to take away his ſhame.

Loe Madame, heere you take a view of thoſe,
Whoſe worthy ſteps you doe deſire to tread,
Deckt in thoſe colours which our Sauiour choſe;
Colours of Confeſſors & Martirs. The pureſt colours both of White and Red,
Their freſheſt beauties would I faine diſcloſe,
By which our Sauiour moſt was honoured:
But my weake Muſe deſireth now to reſt,
Folding vp all their Beauties in your breaſt.

Whoſe excellence hath rais'd my ſprites to write,
Of what my thoughts could hardly apprehend;
Your rareſt Virtues did my ſoule delight,
Great Ladie of my heart: I muſt commend
You that appeare ſo faire in all mens ſight:
On your Deſerts my Muſes doe attend:
You are the Articke Starre that guides my hand,
All what I am, I reſt at your command.

FINIS.

The Deſcription of Cooke-ham.

FArewell (ſweet *Cooke-ham*) where I firſt obtain'd
Grace from that Grace where perfit Grace remain'd;
And where the Muſes gaue their full conſent,
I ſhould haue powre the virtuous to content:
Where princely Palace will'd me to indite,
The ſacred Storie of the Soules delight.
Farewell (ſweet Place) where Virtue then did reſt,
And all delights did harbour in her breaſt:
Neuer ſhall my ſad eies againe behold
Thoſe pleaſures which my thoughts did then vnfold:
Yet you (great Lady) Miſtris of that Place,
From whoſe deſires did ſpring this worke of Grace;
Vouchſafe to thinke vpon thoſe pleaſures paſt,
As fleeting worldly Ioyes that could not laſt:
Or, as dimme ſhadowes of celeſtiall pleaſures,
Which are deſir'd aboue all earthly treaſures.
Oh how (me thought) againſt you thither came,
Each part did ſeeme ſome new delight to frame!
The Houſe receiu'd all ornaments to grace it,
And would indure no foulneſſe to deface it.
The Walkes put on their ſummer Liueries,
And all things elſe did hold like ſimilies:
The Trees with leaues, with fruits, with flowers clad,
Embrac'd each other, ſeeming to be glad,
Turning themſelues to beauteous Canopies,
To ſhade the bright Sunne from your brighter eies:
The criſtall Streames with ſiluer ſpangles graced,

While by the glorious Sunne they were embraced:
The little Birds in chirping notes did ſing,
To entertaine both You and that ſweet Spring.
And *Philomela* with her ſundry layes,
Both You and that delightfull Place did praiſe.
Oh how me thought each plant, each floure, each tree
Set forth their beauties then to welcome thee!
The very Hills right humbly did deſcend,
When you to tread vpon them did intend.
And as you ſet your feete, they ſtill did riſe,
Glad that they could receiue ſo rich a priſe.
The gentle Windes did take delight to bee
Among thoſe woods that were ſo grac'd by thee.
And in ſad murmure vtterd pleaſing ſound,
That Pleaſure in that place might more abound:
The ſwelling Bankes deliuer'd all their pride,
When ſuch a *Phœnix* once they had eſpide.
Each Arbor, Banke, each Seate, each ſtately Tree,
Thought themſelues honor'd in ſupporting thee.
The pretty Birds would oft come to attend thee,
Yet flie away for feare they ſhould offend thee:
The little creatures in the Burrough by
Would come abroad to ſport them in your eye;
Yet fearefull of the Bowe in your faire Hand,
Would runne away when you did make a ſtand.
Now let me come vnto that ſtately Tree,
Wherein ſuch goodly Proſpects you did ſee;
That Oake that did in height his fellowes paſſe,
As much as lofty trees, low growing graſſe:
Much like a comely Cedar-ſtreight and tall,
Whoſe beauteous ſtature farre exceeded all:
How often did you viſite this faire tree,
Which ſeeming joyfull in receiuing thee,
Would like a Palme tree ſpread his armes abroad,

Deſirous

Deſirous that you there ſhould make abode:
Whoſe faire greene leaues much like a comely vaile,
Defended *Phebus* when he would aſſaile:
Whoſe pleaſing boughes did yeeld a coole freſh ayre,
Ioying his happineſſe when you were there.
Where beeing ſeated, you might plainely ſee,
Hills, vales, and woods, as if on bended knee
They had appeard, your honour to ſalute,
Or to preferre ſome ſtrange vnlook'd for ſute:
All interlac'd with brookes and chriſtall ſprings,
A Proſpect fit to pleaſe the eyes of Kings:
And thirteene ſhires appear'd all in your ſight,
Europe could not affoard much more delight.
What was there then but gaue you all content,
While you the time in meditation ſpent,
Of their Creators powre, which there you ſaw,
In all his Creatures held a perfit Law;
And in their beauties did you plaine deſcrie,
His beauty, wiſdome, grace, loue, maieſtie.
In theſe ſweet woods how often did you walke,
With Chriſt and his Apoſtles there to talke;
Placing his holy Writ in ſome faire tree,
To meditate what you therein did ſee:
With *Moyſes* you did mount his holy Hill,
To know his pleaſure, and performe his Will.
With louely *Dauid* you did often ſing,
His holy Hymnes to Heauens Eternall King.
And in ſweet muſicke did your ſoule delight,
To ſound his prayſes, morning, noone, and night.
With bleſſed *Ioſeph* you did often feed
Your pined brethren, when they ſtood in need.
And that ſweet Lady ſprung from *Cliffords* race,
Of noble *Bedfords* blood, faire ſteame of Grace;
To honourable *Dorſet* now eſpowſ'd,

In whoſe faire breaſt true virtue then was houſ'd:
Oh what delight did my weake ſpirits find
In thoſe pure parts of her well framed mind:
And yet it grieues me that I cannot be
Neere vnto her, whoſe virtues did agree
With thoſe faire ornaments of outward beauty,
Which did enforce from all both loue and dutie.
Vnconſtant Fortune, thou art moſt too blame,
Who caſts vs downe into ſo lowe a frame:
Where our great friends we cannot dayly ſee,
So great a diffrence is there in degree.
Many are placed in thoſe Orbes of ſtate,
Parters in honour, ſo ordain'd by Fate;
Neerer in ſhow, yet farther off in loue,
In which, the loweſt alwayes are aboue.
But whither am I carried in conceit?
My Wit too weake to conſter of the great.
Why not? although we are but borne of earth,
We may behold the Heauens, deſpiſing death;
And louing heauen that is ſo farre aboue,
May in the end vouchſafe vs entire loue.
Therefore ſweet Memorie doe thou retaine
Thoſe pleaſures paſt, which will not turne againe:
Remember beauteous *Dorſets* former ſports,
So farre from beeing toucht by ill reports;
Wherein my ſelfe did alwaies beare a part,
While reuerend Loue preſented my true heart:
Thoſe recreations let me beare in mind,
Which her ſweet youth and noble thoughts did finde:
Whereof depriu'd, I euermore muſt grieue,
Hating blind Fortune, careleſſe to relieue.
And you ſweet Cooke-ham, whom theſe Ladies leaue,
I now muſt tell the griefe you did conceaue
At their departure; when they went away,

How euery thing retaind a ſad diſmay:
Nay long before, when once an inkeling came,
Me thought each thing did vnto ſorrow frame:
The trees that were ſo glorious in our view,
Forſooke both flowres and fruit, when once they knew
Of your depart, their very leaues did wither,
Changing their colours as they grewe together.
But when they ſaw this had no powre to ſtay you,
They often wept, though ſpeechleſſe, could not pray you;
Letting their teares in your faire boſoms fall,
As if they ſaid, Why will ye leaue vs all?
This being vaine, they caſt their leaues away,
Hoping that pitie would haue made you ſtay:
Their frozen tops, like Ages hoarie haires,
Showes their diſaſters, languiſhing in feares:
A ſwarthy riueld ryne all ouer ſpread,
Their dying bodies halfe aliue, halfe dead.
But your occaſions call'd you ſo away,
That nothing there had power to make you ſtay:
Yet did I ſee a noble gratefull minde,
Requiting each according to their kind;
Forgetting not to turne and take your leaue
Of theſe ſad creatures, powreleſſe to receiue
Your fauour, when with griefe you did depart,
Placing their former pleaſures in your heart;
Giuing great charge to noble Memory,
There to preſerue their loue continually:
But ſpecially the loue of that faire tree,
That firſt and laſt you did vouchſafe to ſee:
In which it pleas'd you oft to take the ayre,
With noble *Dorſet*, then a virgin faire:
Where many a learned Booke was read and skand
To this faire tree, taking me by the hand,
You did repeat the pleaſures which had paſt,

Seeming

Seeming to grieue they could no longer laſt.
And with a chaſte, yet louing kiſſe tooke leaue,
Of which ſweet kiſſe I did it ſoone bereaue:
Scorning a ſenceleſſe creature ſhould poſſeſſe
So rare a fauour, ſo great happineſſe.
No other kiſſe it could receiue from me,
For feare to giue backe what it tooke of thee:
So I ingratefull Creature did deceiue it,
Of that which you vouchſaft in loue to leaue it.
And though it oft had giu'n me much content,
Yet this great wrong I neuer could repent:
But of the happieſt made it moſt forlorne,
To ſhew that nothing's free from Fortunes ſcorne,
While all the reſt with this moſt beauteous tree,
Made their ſad conſort Sorrowes harmony.
The Floures that on the banks and walkes did grow,
Crept in the ground, the Graſſe did weepe for woe.
The Windes and Waters ſeem'd to chide together,
Becauſe you went away they knew not whither:
And thoſe ſweet Brookes that ranne ſo faire and cleare,
With griefe and trouble wrinckled did appeare.
Thoſe pretty Birds that wonted were to ſing,
Now neither ſing, nor chirp, nor vſe their wing;
But with their tender feet on ſome bare ſpray,
Warble forth ſorrow, and their owne diſmay.
Faire *Philomela* leaues her mourneſull Ditty,
Drownd in dead ſleepe, yet can procure no pittie:
Each arbour, banke, each ſeate, each ſtately tree,
Lookes bare and deſolate now for want of thee;
Turning greene treſſes into froſtie gray,
While in cold griefe they wither all away.
The Sunne grew weake, his beames no comfort gaue,
While all greene things did make the earth their graue:
Each brier, each bramble, when you went away,

Caught

Caught faſt your clothes, thinking to make you ſtay:
Delightfull Eccho wonted to reply
To our laſt words, did now for ſorrow die:
The houſe caſt off each garment that might grace it,
Putting on Duſt and Cobwebs to deface it.
All deſolation then there did appeare,
When you were going whom they held ſo deare.
This laſt farewell to *Cooke-ham* here I giue,
When I am dead thy name in this may liue,
Wherein I haue perform'd her noble heſt,
Whoſe virtues lodge in my vnworthy breaſt,
And euer ſhall, ſo long as life remaines,
Tying my heart to her by thoſe rich chaines.

FINIS.

¶ To the doubtfull Reader.

GEntle Reader, if thou desire to be resolued, why I giue this Title, Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum, *know for certaine, that it was deliuered vnto me in sleepe many yeares before I had any intent to write in this maner, and was quite out of my memory, vntill I had written the Passion of Christ, when immediately it came into my remembrance, what I had dreamed long before; and thinking it a significant token, that I was appointed to performe this Worke, I gaue the very same words I receiued in sleepe as the fittest Title I could deuise for this Booke.*

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